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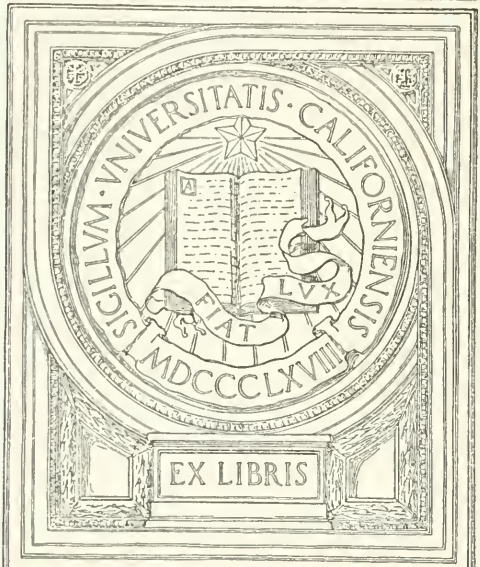

EX LIBRIS

WA-WA-WANDA.

A LEGEND OF OLD ORANGE.

"All your danger is in discord,
All your strength is in your union."
LONGFELLOW.

NEW YORK:
RUDD & CARLETON, 130 GRAND STREET.
MDCCCLX.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860,
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DEDICATION.

TO

THE HONORABLE EDWARD EVERETT,

THE MAN OF PEACE,

AND THE PRUDENT,

THE HONORABLE MAN, AND THE COUNSELLOR

AND THE ELOQUENT

ORATOR,

THIS VOLUME IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY THE

AUTHOR.

DAWSON'S MAY 4 '49 LIBRARY SETS

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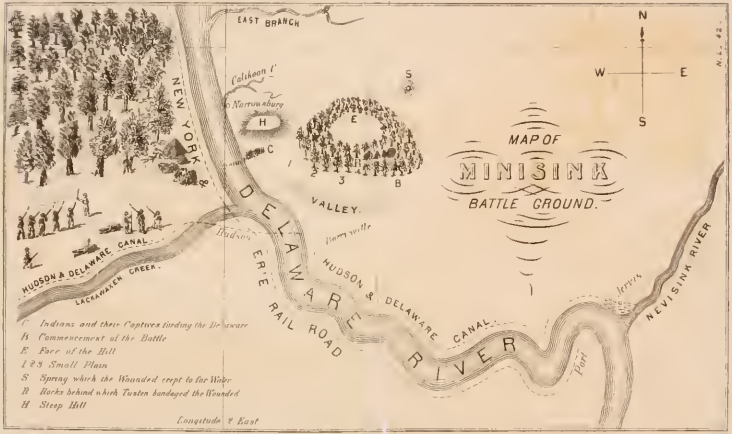

MAP OF
MINISINK
BATTLE GROUND.
N
W
E
S
EAST BRANCH
Calhoon C.
Narrowsburg
NEW YORK &
DELAWARE
VALLEY.
Hudson
Barryville
HUDSON & DELAWARE CANAL
LACKAWAKEN CREEK
ERIE RAIL ROAD
HUDSON & DELAWARE CANAL
RIVER
Jervis
Port
NEVISINK RIVER
C Indians and their Captives fording the Delaware
B Commencement of the Battle
E Face of the Hill
1 2 3 Small Plain
S Spring which the Wounded crept to for Water
R Rocks behind which Tusten bandaged the Wounded
H Steep Hill
Longitude 2 East

TO THE READER.

I.

For a writer to obtrude a book on the Public, and at the same time complain of want of materials, or of time to work them up—is all in bad taste: if he have nothing to say, let him say nothing; if he have not materials wherewith to write a book, let him leave it unwritten.

As to materials in the present instance, the author feels he has but uncovered a quarry, the vein of which would grow richer if the lead were followed. He hopes some after builder, beholding their fair colors, will erect the stones of it into a fairer building.

If he has lifted higher the nursery curtain than is customary, it is because he would not slur over the morning of life, in hastening to its noon hour

—as if it could never interest the mind, while admiring the *man*, to know of his *boyhood*—when, where, and how, was first grafted the tree bearing such fruit in after years.

If the weird character given Lagooche, be objected to as apocryphal, it is replied, that it is but the engrafting of a New England superstition upon the Indian mind.

When New England's favorite Poet, with a wise forecast, sought to rescue the Indian traditions from oblivion—from the shadows Night was beginning to throw across them—he judged the Trochaic, or Octo-syllabic measure with feminine endings, of certain of the Latin Poets, the most appropriate vehicle, and seized upon it accordingly.

In attempting to save the Legendary lore of Old Orange, more especially of the Wa-wayanda Grant, the same form of versification is here employed. Witness the following extract from St. Hildebert:

> "Paraclitus increatus,
> Neque factus, neque natus,
> Patri consors, Genitoque,
> Sic procedit ab utroque,
> Ne sit minor paritate
> Vel discretus qualitate."

TRANSLATION:

Comforter, and Uncreated,
Neither made nor generated,
Fellow equal with the Father,
And the Only, the Begotten;
Thence proceeding, interceding,
None the less because begotten.

To show up the vine-clusters to the eye, so they can be seen, and yet leave enough foliage to prevent the sun scorching the fruit, without leaving too much, is a delicate work. In other words, to present wholesome, undying truths to the mind, and at the same time popularize them, without popularizing them too much, is no easy task. Whether success or failure awaits the present attempt, is left with the reader to judge.

It is contended, the beauty is not all in the eye, and in the ear, the music, so much as in the objects themselves. There may be clouds about the mount, so thick we cannot see it, even angels encamped about it—and we cannot see them; but on the winds springing up, or the veil being lifted from off our eye, they depart, and we see clearly. Even those clouds themselves are not without their silver linings, but we may need a kindly hand to turn them inside out to us.

The leaves may be too thick between us and the clusters; these need to be thinned away. We then see the naked, yet not unadorned fruit —and are satisfied; taste, and are satisfied. The modern error, it is conceived, is to pile on the foliage to redundancy—hiding the fruit, if not entirely smothering it.

Many acknowledgments are due to the Rev. J. West, and to Professor G. H. Curtis, for valuable criticisms, while this Idyl was in progress. Indeed, it is to those gentlemen, rather than to the Author, the Reader is indebted for any pleasant memories—it may be of his or her own childhood—awakened by the reading.

If in the following pages, the Muse of History and the Muse of Poetry, in weaving their wreaths, have intertwined them too intimately, the Reader is fully at liberty to untwine them; the Author feeling himself repaid if he shall have helped to beguile a weary hour; richly so, to have, in a degree, contributed to deepen in any mind, sentiments of truth and goodness.

II.

INTRODUCTION.

Winter Pippin was a Piper ;*
Not a prophet, but a Piper,
As his father was before him ;
For no myth was Winter Pippin,
No mere form of faith and feeling,
Or mere sentiment embodied
In the minds of all good people,
In the mouths of all good people.
Broad were his ancestral acres,
Broad the stream that flowed across them ;
But he cared not for the acres,
Nor the waters flowing 'cross them ;
All he cared for was to wander,
Home was where the night o'vertook him,

* Winter Pippin, the chief singer, was a Half-Breed. Like Brandt, otherwise called Conestoge, chief of the Six Nations—his father was a German and his mother a Mohawk Indian. Schooled in the traditions of the aborigines, as well as in those of the whites, his songs flowed naturally along, a mixture of the wild and tame, adapted to his audience, and alternately in the Saxon and Woodland tongue.

"Wandering minstrel," they all called him,
"Winter Pippin—Piping Pippin."
Large as were his lands paternal,
Was his store of tales and legends:
All the fashions of the frontiers,
From the first rude cabin downward,
Heirloom-like to him descended;
Much he loved to gather round him
All the children of the village;
Nightly, as the shadows lengthened
On the glebe or green before it,
You might—happiest of the happy—
Hear him piping, piping to them.
Well he knew to strike the key-note,
From the soul's depths to awaken
Feelings that, unwaked, had slept on;
Knew to rouse the soul to rapture,
Knew to sink the soul to sadness—
That whatever strings the harp hath,
Finer strings the human heart hath:
All his soul was in his singing,
All his pleasure in his playing.
Strange the string on which he strung them,
String on which he strung his stories;
Oft it broke, and then together,
Ran the wild and tame together:

White skins, red skins—which soever
Lent his ear, or her's, to listen—
Heard them in his native language,
Be it Saxon, be it Indian.

But 'twas when the guests were gathered
In the great halls of their castles,
(In their cedar-raftered cabins)
When the viands, when the venison,
And the cider circulated—
Not hard cider, not strong cider
That brings with its pains anthritic—
But pure apple juice as runneth,
When they press the pippin pumace,
And the bees they buz about it,
Hornets, bees and yellow-jackets;

Then it was—the wandering Piper,
Then it was that Winter Pippin
Took them captive with his music,
Turned to tears, their eyes; to laughter
Turned their faces—alternating,
Tears and laughter alternating.
As a feather is for lightness,
Would he set their hearts afloating;
As a stone sinks in the waters,
Would he sink their hearts within them.

Once upon a like occasion,

When the guests were all assembled,
"Wandering Minstrel, Winter Pippin,"
Cried their hospitable hostess,
"Seest thou not our songs are ended,
And as are our songs, our cider?
Hast thou not, nor song, nor story,
Neither lay nor legend left thee?"
Then they pressed 'round Winter Pippin,
And so hard, were he a Pippin,
All the juice had been pressed out him;
Pressed him till the—not the cider—
But the music, in such measure
Flowed it forth, that when the key-note
It was struck up, they all shouted,
"Listen—he is going to sing us—
He is going to sing of orchards."
And they all drank in the music,
Drank the music with the cider;
For as flowed the one—the other,
Flowed the music, flowed the cider.

III.

PROLOGUE.

"Ye who reverence the old homesteads,
Love to read the family annals,
Trace the fashions of a people,
Of a people plain and simple;
And the land-marks of the frontiers,
Ere they stretched their lines to westward,
Shedding many a league behind them;
Never eastward, ever westward,
Shedding league on league behind them;
While as yet the streams were bridgeless,
And for orchards, waved the wild-wood,
And in place of peach and pear tree,
Grew the birch, beach, oak and maple—
Listen to this song of orchards.

Ye who have traced from mountain meadow,
Streams that widen into rivers,
And those rivers into oceans;
In their depth of depths reflecting
Back the heavens in their brightness;
Groves, to groves inverted, nodding
All along upon their borders,
When the winds are playing 'mong them;

Yet at times those depths up-casting
Mire and wrecks when He, the Storm-King,
In tempestuous fury stirred them—
Stirred, until the sun, indignant,
Looked out from his place of hiding,
Bade the tempest cease its raging;
Ye who love to watch such rivers
In their rising, in their falling,
In them think ye see the surging
Of the life-stream of a Nation:
Ye whose hearts are with your country,
From its birth-hour to the present;
Ye for whom the past hath pleasures,
Hath a charm that grows upon you—
Listen to this simple story,
To this simple song of Orchards.
Ye whom night hath overtaken,
Longing for the morning's coming—
Watched the early day, its struggles,
From the womb of darkness bursting,
Till its face be turned to purple—
Watched its rise, and watched its progress,
When the Infant (Science) came forth
In no arms of Liberty dandled—
All the barriers that opposed it,
Chains which Ignorance put on it—

All the pains the breast is heir to,
When an incubus, twould throw off;
Ye who have watched the onward, upward
Strivings of some Son of Genius
'Gainst great odds and opposition,
While his face shone as an angel,
Face of some redeeming angel—
Listen to this song of Orchards.

Ye who have watched as well, the South-wind
From stern winter wrest his ice-lance,
Melt his mountain snows, and show up
Many a violet there smiling—
Chase the mountain torrent vale-ward,
Then as in a molten mirror,
Seen by Night their shadows casting,
Nightly cast the stars, their shadows,
All coquetting with the waters,
Links of golden chains short broken,
Shining, dancing, pirouetting,
As the Fairies had crossed over,
And their foot-prints left behind them;
Ye who Nature thus have studied,
By such lights the picture pondered—
Listen to this song of Orchards.

Ye who have seen the deserts blossom,
For the thorn, come up the myrtle,

Mælstroms turn to healing fountains,
Error die—and o'er its grave-stone,
Wisdom rear her seven pillars—
Listen to the song of Orchards.

——o——

IV.

ROOT OF THE TREE.

In the valley of Wyoming,
Through which trends the Susquehannah,
Yet not in Wyoming valley,
But another very like it
In the far-famed land of Goshen;
Not that where 'twas said "no flies were,"
But between two hills in Orange,
(Who e'er saw two hills without one?)
There he lived our cider-maker,
He the first of cider-makers.

How his cunning built a saw-mill,
Sawed right through the Western country,
Into cask-staves sawed the forests,
Threw the slabs in the Pacific,
Threw the scrags in the Missouri,

(These were they brought to the boats so,
Till they learned to steer them better,
Learned the "right of way" to give them;)
Pitched the mountains in the valleys,
Filled the valleys up with mountains,
Cleared the country, made it level,*

* The country was new when the scenes forming this Idyl occurred. On the west bank of the Otterkill may be seen at this day, a Mound, the only vestige remaining of the cabin erected by the first settler which was in 1712, in what is now called Orange County—then a wilderness. The light of its feeble taper, like some lonely but friendly star, threw its maiden and modest rays upon the wilderness of Wawayanda."

The only settlement was where New Windsor now is, and even that was an Indian one. Westward from it wound a blazed path, afterward, a bridle path. Sarah, the original of Bunch of Blossoms, and the first white woman who set foot on the Patent, was often heard to say, how after crossing the Hudson with her bag of meal in her birch canoe paddled with her own hands, she would stop to play with the pappooses rollicking on the river bank; then mounting her horse with her bag of meal, would thread her way through the forest. When unable to reach home before dark, she would dismount, tether her horse, unlimber her bag and climbing a tree to protect herself from wild animals, lash herself fast to a limb—and wish for day.

"The presence and energy of Sarah, were soon followed by the footsteps of thousands—the sound of the wood man's axe, as it resounded along the silent banks of the Otterkill, and through the valleys and hill-tops of Wawayanda, was soon echoed by the multiplied blows of the hardy settlers as they came in and planted their dwellings.

"The clearings thus initiated by Denn, the Patentee, opened the thick forest foliage, and the sun in noon tide glory lit up and warmed it by the blaze of his beams. The furrows which followed his ploughshare marked out the boundary lines of a thousand homesteads, on which Industry with her hand-maids, garnered up wealth and revelled in

Under drained it, and then fenced it,
With his rails of cedar fenced it;
Yoking to his plough two mammoths,
In the true Titanic fashion,*
Ploughed two furrows to the Northward,
Bade the younger Lakes run in them,†

domestic happiness. The seed then cast into the virgin soil, grew and ripened, and has since been disseminated over the broad bosom of the Patent, and now waves graceefully to every passing breeze. The offspring of the cattle which at that early day grazed the wild herbage in the shade, and slaked their thirst in the gentle waters of the stream—are heard to low, and seen to wander, on a thousand hills.

"The Red men of the wood-lands have departed, and the indomitable Saxons possess their dwellings. The fires of the wigwam and the war-dance are extinguished, and Christian temples, as they send up their tall spires to heaven, are lit up by the mild and benignant beams of the Gospel."—See Eager's Orange County.

*"The tooth the two Dutchmen showed me, is in form, a human tooth. All the Surgeons in town have seen it and pronounce it such. It measures 6 in. long, 13 around, and weighs 2 lbs 3 oz. Troy. They found it 50 miles South-west of Albany.

I am of opinion the tooth will agree only to a human body, for whom only the Flood could prepare a funeral. Without doubt he waded as long as he could keep his head above the clouds, but was at length confounded with all other creatures, and the new sediment after the Flood, gave him the depth it was found in."—*Vide Gov. Dudley to Rev'd. Cotton Mather, July* 10, 1706.

† The Six Nations have a tradition, an Invisible Hand once drained off the Genesee country. And so there did; howbeit, they knew Him not. And the course of the younger lakes, their northern outlets, and "the lay of the land"—all render it probable. But while the partial draining off of these, has probable reference to the time when the waters

Onondaga and Oneida
In the furrow called Oswego;
Skaneat'les and sweet Seneca
Through the valley Geneseo;
Seneca, the never-freezing,*
Owing to a heat it got in;
Skaneat'les which the heavens
One day blest with their own color—†
Turned them to the Big Lakes Northward,
Drowning all the French and Indians,
Till they dammed them up, and rushed them
Eastward through the great St. Lawrence.
Only one there was, ran no way,
Thirsty, turning up such furrows,
His big Oxen drank it all up—

of the Flood "were assuaged"—the drying up of the shallower lakes, forming their bottoms into prairies with their interminable flower-beds, was a subsequent and gradual work, accomplished in good time against the wants of an increasing population.

* There is no record of Seneca Lake, though it be a body of fresh water, ever having frozen over, the coldest Winter. The secret is found in a spring at the bottom.

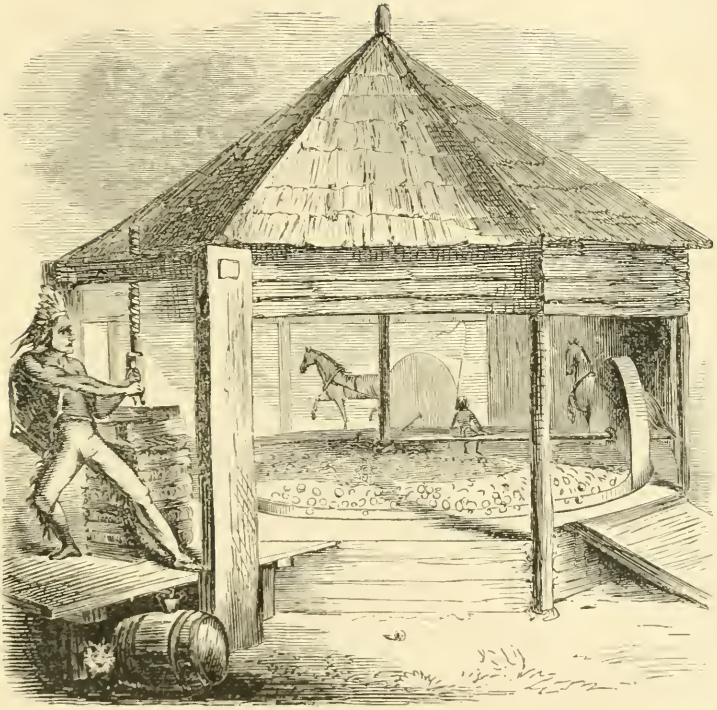
† Skaneateles Lake water is well known to be bluer than any of its sister lakes, Owasco not excepted. It was a fancy of the Conestoge Chief, (Brandt,) the heavens used to be nearer the earth once than now; that on their bending down to admire their face in the Lake and bathe therein,—the waters became enamored of their blue color, and ran off with it, —running blue to this day.

Then a final furrow eastward
To out let the under drainings,
And the Sachems named it Mohawk;
Here his Oxen mired and perished,*
Waded in too far, and perished—
How 'twas thus our Cider-Maker
Cleared the country, laid it level,
Named it, tamed it, trenched it, fenced it,
Ploughed the prairies, set out orchards
From his nursery in Old Orange,†
And set all the countries making,

* Their remains were not found till in 1782. The bed they were found in was of mud, ten feet; shell marl, three feet; red moss, one foot; peet, two feet—the mud being below, the peet above. Length of spinal process, two feet one inch; width of osciput, two feet seven inches; pelvis, six feet one inch; circumference of tusks, two feet one inch; length of skeleton complete, thirty-three feet. These perfect skeletons were dug up three miles south of Montgomery, and were visited by General Washington while encamped at Newburgh.—*Vide Eager's Orange County.*

† On a chilly March morning might have been seen a man, making his way on foot from Newtown, Long Island, through Rockland, then a part of Orange, toward the new settlement on Denn's Patent; his great-coat pockets stuffed with what, by a school-boy of that day, might have been taken for a bundle of whips. They were the cuttings from a Pippin tree, for the first time finding their way into that region.

Little dreamed he then, the fruit of the after growth of the grafts then promiscuously mixed up in his pocket with barlow-knife and tobacco-box, would, in a few generations, be exported in cargo quantities to the shores of Albion, and prized above either orange or banana, by the pippin-loving dames of Havana.



And the cities, cider drinking—
This we leave to Minstrels older,
Leave to better Bards to tell you—
At this well we leave our pitcher,
And turn down the stream descending.
Should you ask me of this Cider
Which has linked itself to story,
And has wrought such revolutions
In the morals of a people,
In a people's modes and manners—
What the apples it was made of,
Whether Russets, Pearmins, Pippins,
Newtown Pippins, or if Goldens,
Spitzenbergs, or Seek-no-furthers,
Which the most fastidious pause at
And take breath ere tasting further,
Running down the list of apples;
On what hill, or in what valley,
Lived the man who reared the orchard,
What his father's patronymic,
Whom he wed and what her dower;
What the season, Spring or Autumn,
When the apple trees he set out;
How they branched, and how they blossomed
Twice before they took to bearing;
How the partridge picked the buds off,

Picked the buds off in the snow time,*
If but " seedlings" or were " grafted,"
Were they " windfalls," or were " hand-picked,"
As they should be if to keep well;
Or to jump the orchard over,
And to cut in two my story,
Cut the apples, cut the tap off,
And come to the pint (?) of Cider—
If you listen, I will tell you.
How we got it in the cellar,
Got the barrel in the cellar,
Through the grating wide and narrow;
Through the wide and narrow grating,
How we lowered it, how we floored it,
How we rolled it, how we bored it,
How we scotched it, tipped it, tapped it;
With the great big auger bored it,
With the little gimblet tapped it;
How at first it would not run out,
Till we gave it vent—let air in;
How it spurted when we did that,
In a grand parabola spurted,

* It may not be known generally, but for the apple-tree buds, the partridge would be put on short allowance when the ground is snow-covered. Then the tender buds of the apple tree yields them a timely supply. Only in the early dawn, and at evening twilight, are they to be found thus foraging.

Fussed and frothed, and ere we knew it,
Ran a pail full, and the cellar
Soon had filled had it been smaller;
How we sipped and danced around it,
Left it lower than we found it—
'Twere too long, and time would fail us,
Me to tell, or you to hear it:
And as seeing is believing,
And as tasting is still better,
Come in when the Cider's running,
And before it be done running,
And it is yourself shall answer
If not all be true, I tell you—
Tell you of this branch of farm-craft.
But the art of cider making,
And the time of moon for taking
Apples to be ground to pumace,
As the fashion still of some is—
How they sort them, how they cheese them,
How they grind them, how they squeeze them,
How they barrel it, and bung it
After they have carefully racked it;
How they whisper secrets to it,
Bid it never lose its sweetness,
Since sour cider makes sour people;
Bid it work, but work no mischief,

Bid it froth not out the bung-hole,
But be gentle, and yet lively,
Not as when it burst the hoops off;
Bid it last till next year come round—
These were more than I may tell you:
Too much knowledge sometimes paineth;
They are happiest who pluck not,
Pluck the fruit too green, too rashly
From the mystic tree of knowledge,
Knowledge both of good and evil.
Only this the Muse withholds not:
Manitou his blessing granted
To the man who reared the orchard,
And the apple trees within it,
And the apples that grew on them,
And the cider that flowed from them—
Brought us barrelled, bunged or bottled
After it had worked its passage.

V.

NATURAL BRANCHES.

In the far-off, the dark ages,
Grew a tree learned men call Upas,
And a son of Ishmael tapped it;
In a cavern dark and gloomy,
Where the angels could not see him,
From that tree a juice extracted
Through alembics, crooked, devilish,
Steamed, distilled, and vilely drugged it,
And made all the nations drink it,
Made them hate and kill each other,
Made wives, widows,—children orphans,
Worse than widows—worse than orphans.
Then it was, our cider-maker,
Feeling each one was his brother,
And should be his brother's keeper;
Not as Cain who would not own him,—
Cast about to wean them from it,*
From the fatal juice to wean them.
Binding up their wounds, he bade them
Henceforth love each other better,

*The stand nobly taken by Wa-Wa-Wanda, in resisting further use of Fire-Water among the people, was conjointly owing to his consort's counsels and his own far seeing mind.

Saying, "Better drink I'll make you,
Such as leaves no pains behind it,
Gives a man the strength of two men,
Made the sons of Anak lusty,
Made Ahasuerus clever
When Hadassah pledged him in it
At the Royal Cider Banquet.

'Twas not this made Alexander
In one night his kingdom squander;
Wanting it, Adoni-bezek
Lost the battle and was taken,
Had to have his thumbs and toes off:
Oh, the crooks the world had got in,
Got in through the want of Cider!"

Here he ceased, and each one buried,
In the ground his hatchet buried,
Emptied out, and broke their bottles;
And his hand they took, and promised
They would love each other better;
Swore that they would swear no longer,
Would no more devour each other,
But in friendship live, and labor
To repair their fallen fortunes:
Shined the face then, of our Hero,
As if he had been an angel,
Face of some Redeeming Angel.

VI.

THE COMBAT.

Virtue, though to triumph destined,
Oft must struggle for its birth-right,
For its birth-right oft must struggle;
Must go forth, and single-handed,
With the opposing angel wrestle,
Though it be till the morning dawneth;
Vice that angel—the Dark Angel,
Having 'mong the tombs his dwelling,
Having his empire in the bosom,
Having for his name—Fire-Water.

Forth he cometh now to meet him,
Blear of eye with bloated visage,
Like one from debauch just risen,
Strong and weak by turns—and grasping
In his hand his ebon sceptre,
As the tyrant grasps his sceptre,
Grasps it all the tighter, fiercer,
When he feels it is departing.

"Comest to wrest from me my kingdom?"
Said Fire-Water to our Hero:
"From the days of Shamgar have I
Undisputed held dominion;

Look—if thou canst count the number,
Count the number of my subjects,
And my victims are my subjects:
Show thy triumph—I will show thee,
Thousands for thy one—will show thee;
Aye—from kings upon the throne, down
To the meanest of their vassals—
They have felt my reign of terror;
'Neath me, as upon an altar,
Laid they down that I might rule them,
With my rod of iron rule them.

And my foot I planted on them,
On their necks my foot I planted.
Have I not my minions with me?
By them have as many fallen
Through the promises they made them,
Made, not to be kept, but broken,
As have by my chalice stumbled:
Think before thou wrestle with me!"

Here the angel ceased, and frowning,
Hurled his heavy gaunlet at him;
Hurled, as best he could, the creature,
Cringing as the Serpent cringeth,
Coiled, and with his crest uplifted;
And then prone upon his belly,
Crawled away upon his belly,

As he crawled once out of Eden—
When its first ripe fruits he tainted,
And defiled the First of Flowers.
Thereat, Wa-Wa-Wanda, strong in,
Strong in virtue, overtook him,
Dealt him, not with carnal weapons,
But a blow with all his brightness;
Wrestled with, and had o'ercome him,
But the angel of the darkness
Summoned to his side his minions,
Summoned Thirst, and Lust, and Mammon;
All who by such craft their gains had—
And they helped the fallen angel.
Then Fire-Water, wounded, bleeding,
Bleeding, but not dead nor dying,
Feeling his craft it was endangered,
Plied his vile arts to the utmost;
Dealt no blows, because he well knew,
Proof was Wa-Wa-Wanda 'gainst them:
All his chance lay in his vile arts;
Plied them—but in vain he plied them,
Saying, "Art thou Wa-Wa-Wanda
That has opened war upon me?
Let us live in peace together,
And as I am, so shalt thou be.
I have weakened nerves as steady,

Made cheeks pale that were as ruddy,
Forms have shriveled, once as noble,
Buoyant hopes as thine, have blasted,
Withered laurels green as thine are—
With my deadly Night-Shade did it.
Canst thou mend the hearts I've broken,
Bring back to the cheek, the roses,
Fill the mouths which I have emptied,
Bring back from the grave its tenants;
Or the kings of many nations
There that sleep—but not in glory?—
Show thy triumphs—I will show thee,
Thousands for thy one will show thee!"
Then his forked tongue concealing,
But with crest uplifted, plied he
Well his arts on Wa-Wa-Wanda,
Wove his spells and his enchantments,
Made him thirst and then presented
To his feverish lips his chalice—
Wa-Wa-Wanda would not drink it.
Next, his neck-rings they ran off him,
Into rainbows ran around him,
All the colors of the rainbow,
All the beauty that beguileth,
All the music that enchanteth;
And his eye took in the beauty,

And his ear took in the music,
All the beauty, all the music;
But they could not hurt our Hero:
Strong in virtue, he defied them,
Saying, "Vain your charms upon me!
Yes, I know thou'st unnerved many,
Turned the ruddiest cheek to paleness,
Bowed the manliest form to meanness,
Withered on many a brow the laurel,
Laid in dust the fairest flowers,
Crushed full many a hope immortal—
By thy cursed spell hast done it,
But no spell canst thou cast o'er me.
Nay—thy deeds exceed thy vauntings:
Thou canst look upon thy victims
Without feeling shame, or pity;
Stop thine ear when Squalor pleadeth,
As if thou'dst a heart within thee
That could kindle with relentings.
Thou'st made widows, and then robbed them;
And as if that were too little,
Clothed in shame, their sons and daughters—
This thou'st done, and hast not pitied;
Therefore am I sent to slay thee:
Thou shalt fall, and thy craft with thee.
As a stench in Virtue's nostrils,

Hast thou been for generations;
As a stench in Virtue's nostrils,
Shalt thou be no more forever—
But as a burnt-out Volcano,
On whose lava, on whose scoriæ,
Hence shall grow the peaceful olive,
Hence shall grow the vine that cheereth,
Hence shall grow the corn that strengtheneth:
'Twixt Orion and the Pleiads,
It is written! it is written!"

Then a mortal wound he gave him,
Sent him limping, bleeding, howling:
In that bleeding, in that howling,
Wa-Wa-Wanda saw the dawning
Of his people's day of freedom
From the rod of the oppressor;
Heard a nation's chains fall off it—
Sounds as sweet as angels singing,
To the ear of Wa-Wa-Wanda.

As the sun forth from his chamber,
When he has the darkness scattered,
Comes, and as he comes, rejoiceth;
As the victor o'er the vanquished
Gathers up his spoils and shouteth—
From the conflict came our Hero
With his laurels thick upon him;

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Brighter than heraldic honors,
They emblazon his escutcheon;
For a nation's blessing crowned him,
Crowned the head of Wa-Wa-Wanda.
Oh, 'tis not on fields ensanguined
That are won the greenest laurels!
Nor are victories that are bloodless,
Easier gained than those that are not,
Of less worth than those that are not:
Though outshines the man, the hero,
By so much more he outshines both—
Whoso ruleth his own spirit.

———o———

VII.

CABIN BUILDING.

In the month of water-cresses,
Not of strawberries, not of green corn,
But of cresses, water-cresses—
Went a Maid of sixteen summers,*

* The pious mission of a white girl among the frontier-tribes, and her intermarriage with an Indian Brave, is not without precedent. Like Naomi and her expedition into Moab, she took her religion with her, and hence the pious training of Shooting Cedar; though in naming the fruits of that union, she adopted her Indian husband's style.

To the regions of the sun-set;
Through the tangle and the dingle
o the regions of the sun-set.
Wherefore westward went the maiden,
In the month of Water-cresses?
Seeks she gems to grace her tresses,
Fairer flowers or birds more tuneful?—
Home is home, however humble,
And the face of friends far fairer,
And their tones more sweet, than strangers';
Wherefore, then, wends west the maiden
In the month of water-cresses?
Comes and goes, her cheek, its color,
As her savage guide, he bears him;
Long the day and long the journey—
Welcome is the night that ends both.
Dusky grows the hour—more dusky
Grow the forms of men around her;
Dark and swarthy are their faces,
But their hearts are white within them;
Sharp and shining are their weapons,
But they're raised for, not against, her.
Then in wood-land tongue they counsel,
Saying "Here a Dove hath lighted,
But no fitting nest receives her."
Then they haste and fell the big trees;

Fast they fall, and split in falling,
And a cabin rises from them ;*

* On this wise was their first night's bivouac :—Twenty weary miles' march through an unbroken and pathless wilderness, brought them to the bank of the Otterkill. The pack-horses unloaded, were turned loose to graze, and the cows, to browse ; but not till their bell-clappers were first unloosed, when commenced that ding-dong, tinkle-tinkle, that, like some clappers of another sort, seems as if it never would stop.

The boughs of a few hornbeam and hemlock were lopped off green and spread upon sticks laid across crotches driven in the ground. These served to spread a blanket-bed upon in one corner. A fire was next kindled in the middle, which served the double purpose of cooking their evening meal and keeping the rattle-snakes off. The smoke issued through a three-feet-square hole in the roof. This served also for a sky-light. Sarah's only comment was, "What a hole to huddle into in bad weather!"

The ceremony of unpacking their few cooking utensils and provisions, *cuisine*, was next gone through with ; the knives and forks being found rolled up in bed-clothes ; salt, spices, ribbons and sugar, in an iron pot ; soap and candles, in a leather wallet. As an accompaniment to the music (?) of rattling dishes, coffee-grinding and ham-frying within, was heard without, the hoot of the owl, the bark of the wolf-dog and scream of the panther.

Supper over, they slept. The tinkling of the cow-bells, the waters of the swollen Otterkill, making music as they rushed on, the howl of the wolf and cry of the catamount, as they prowled around their new encampment, broke not their slumbers. The white laborers slept hard and irregular as if in the struggles of death, or pressed down by an incubus heavy as the Wawayanda hills.

Not so with Sarah and her Indian footman : the latter, now at home along his native stream, threw himself on the ground with his feet to the fire, and seemed to slumber, though he never slept. That owl-hoot, catamount-cry, panther-scream, and the stream as it flowed, were all heard by him and drank in as so much forest-music. The slumbers of Sarah were deep and fitful by turns : at one moment, in her dreams,

Lends it light, the star of evening,
But they need not now its shining ;

she was seated by Madam Denn's side, relating incidents of the journey and slept sweetly as an infant in its cradle ; at another, she saw an Indian approach her couch, with tomahawk uplifted, ready to strike—and the agony of the vision would awake her. At such times her copper-colored companion was sure to quiet her fears ; letting her know by signs he was awake, guarding her slumbers, and had heard her scream. Thus Sarah, like lamb among lions that she was, passed her first night. The morning that succeeded was one of unusual beauty.

The wigwam itself was built on the west side of the creek, and was in size, sixteen by eighteen. At the corners were dug holes in the ground, and crotches set in them for posts. Poles were then laid on these for plates. A trench was next excavated outside, to drain off the water. In these, palisades of split logs were set up on end, leaning inward against the plates. Outside, and at two opposite ends of the structure, two other higher crotches were erected to hold the ridge-pole determining the height and pitch of the roof. The roof was formed of poles for rafters, covered with brush and bark of the trees they had felled for palisades.

The pots and kettles were suspended by chains from a trunnel laid across two crotches. The fire was kindled on a hearthstone laid underneath. A split log eight feet long, flat side up, resting on wooden pins at each end, served for a table. A slab of same length and rig, served to seat the family circle at it.

Though this would not be particularly stylish and genteel in city circles, in its place, it was comfortable, friendly and sociable. The reader doubtless could now go to work and construct a hut equally elegant and commodious. It *is* being done daily in the yet unsettled regions of the West.

That mode of structure, erected in a single day by a few laborers in the midst of a wilderness—in the great economy of settling the earth' and in point of beneficial results—far exceeded the costly Pyramids of Egypt, reared through the reigns of successive Kings, by the toil and blood of thousands, on the banks of that other stream—the Nile. One,

For a broader, brighter blazeth
On the hearthstone of the cabin.
Like a lonely star, but friendly,
Beams it through the forest foliage ;
Wild eyes peering out, behold it,
Saying, " 'Tis the Star of Evening
Come to light us through the darkness ,
And she lighted up their darkness,
Told them of another, brighter,
Which the Prophet saw in vision ;
And they thanked and loved the pale-face,
For the purer light she showed them.
For she had said, " Whoso beholds it,
Purer grows by being shone on,
Pure by being purely shone on ;
All the stains upon his nature,
All the plague-spots of his being
Fly it as the night the morning,
As the night the morning flyeth ;
Only that, the outer temple,
This, its inner chamber, hallows.
Ye who love the star, its shining,
On your hearts their hearth-stones shining,

was the busy virtuous abode of the living, and sheltered the parent of a numerous race ; the other, was but the cold sepulchre of a tyrant dead.—*Vide Eager's Orange County.*

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Star of Jacob, seen of Balaam—
Come, behold it! come, behold it!
Not as when the Prophet saw it
From the hill-top, dim and distant;
Not as when in clay eclipsed 'twas—
But full-orbed, and rising higher,
Ever rising, never setting.
Ye who feel the plague-spots on you,
Feel the night is dark about you—
Come, behold it! come, behold it!"

As a pebble dropped in mid-lake,
Wide and wider grow the circles,
Till they break in music shore-ward;
As an air-wave put in motion,
Round and round the earth vibrateth,
Rests not from its undulations,
Till it on Eternity's shore-sands
Breaks in everlasting music—
So the words she dropped among them,
Went on, on, on, undulating,
Till like seeds they germinated,
In their hearts' soil rooted, grew up,
Grew to trees of fruits immortal.

And the people, eating of them,
Of those fruits immortal eating
By the light of that star's shining,—

Felt the darkness disappearing,
Felt the dross depart their nature,
Lost their plague-spots, lost their paining;
When obscessed, they knelt and worshipped—
With her at the altar worshipped.
Praying—saying, "Thou Great Spirit!
Wash the war-paint from our hearts, each,
Make them pure and white within us,
Make our hands strong—not for evil,
Weak—but not for good, but evil,
Give us much of bear and bison;
Teach us how to love each other,
Give us much of bear and bison."
But the cabin which they built her,
In the deep green wood, and solemn,
Stood it not alone forever:
Soon another and another,
Then another and another
Sent their smoke up in the morning,
Wreathed in smoke each morn the tree tops,
Lighted up each night the darkness;
Till the valleys, hills and streamlets,
Each reflected back their beaming:
Till the wood was light with cabins,
And those cabins light with white squaws:
So when dies the day—in glory

From the realms of ether shining,
One by one from out their chambers,
Come the stars and light the night up,
Till the heavens seem paved with jewels,
Stones of ophir set in sapphire—
Therefore westward went the maiden,
In the month of water-cresses.
But the cabin it was roofless,
And they said to one another,
"See, the Pale-Face's cheek is tender:
Lest the dews of night descending,
Fall upon and hurt the pale-face—
Let us roof her cabin over."
Then with brush and bark they roofed it,
And the dews of night descending,
Fell not on nor hurt the pale-face.
Boots it not to sing when finished,
Of the architectural beauty
Of that wigwam in the wild-wood;
Only deigns the Muse to tell us
Of the ancient Indian custom *

* This is an indirect appeal to a higher Power. The sentiment, whatever form it take, might be copied with advantage by the Pale-Faces That it should have formed a part of the religious rites of their Red Brothers is remarkable, and as such, deserving notice. It was held by them as a religious rite, never to furnish and occupy a wigwam, till they had first secured the blessing. To secure this blessing, a woman must be

When a wigwam once is finished :
"Not a man the first to enter,
Be he Brave, or be he Sachem,
Lest," they said, "mishap befall it;
But a woman, ere 'tis furnished,
That its owner may be prosperous,
That a blessing come upon it."
Then they waited for the white squaw
Till she entered ; and 'twas augured
That "its owner would be prosperous,
He would be the first of trappers,"
And she entered first the cabin,
Crossed the threshold—then recrossed it ;
And her copper-colored companions
Sought her long but could not find her :
Arethusa-like she vanished,
Arethusa-like, subsided,—
Like her, brighter reappearing ;
For as yet, to Wa-Wa-Wanda
She was as a star unrisen,
As a bud, but not a blossom.

the first to darken the door-way. And no wigwam was hallowed, except through the supposed mysterious influence of a woman it was thus made hallowed. Man might build ; woman only could bless.

Fertility of soil would seem to have been included in the blessing, for that portion of the Patent called Plaile's Hill, has produced wheat crops years in succession, without enriching—a thing unknown outside of the "100 acres."

VIII.

STUMP IN THE WAY.

Much he planned and much he studied,
Wa-Wa-Wanda planned and studied,
And the ponderous wheel invented,
All to crush amain the apples,
Make the best of cider run out
For the good of all the people,
Make them annually love each other,
So it be the year for bearing,
Falling into fits of friendship,
Suddenly ending as beginning;
Would they only lasted longer,
And each one was as a strong chain
Binding this world-cask together,
That it ne'er might burst its hoops off,
That it ne'er might split asunder!
Only one there was, withstood him,
He, Lagoochee, god of wood-lands,*

* Lagoochee seems to have been the incarnation, not of an old, but a new idea. The Indian had had his Good Spirit and his Evil Spirit. But this was a sort of Betweenity—half good, half evil; hence, both loved and hated. And his undecided color symboled well his undecided character. As one of their inferior Divinities, he was ever on hand; were the people bent on well-doing?—he was on hand to help them; on evil-doing? he was quite as ready. Like the Nautillus, which trims its sail to every breeze, Lagoochee would sail on the popular tide, which ever way

Once of wood-lands, now of Orchards :
In the night-time, when the choppers,
Weary with their work, lay dreaming,
Sleeping on their bison blankets,
On their bison blankets sleeping,
Would he crawl into their cabins,
Gnaw and nick their axes' edges,
Moralizing as he did it :
" White man's axe is death to nature,
Death to nature's charms, his touch is ;
Every blow he strikes, I feel it."
Then he breathed upon their fingers,
On their axes with his frost-breath,
Laughing left them numb and brittle,
Chuckling to himself in leaving .
" On the morrow when they wake up,
Let them, if they can, invade me :
Yesterday, oaks fell before them ;
If to-morrow they can cut down
Even an alder, they will do well."

it set. It is shrewdly suspected the white skins have a Divinity of the same sort.

The Indians left him behind them when they emigrated, to keep watch over their burial grounds ; domiciling himself among the new comers, he continued his pranks. Not content with the mischief he had wrought his Indian patrons while living, the mischief he failed to work them then, he made good when dead ; this was in leveling the tumuli, instead of preserving them.

Him our Wa-Wa-Wanda meeting
In the middle of a clearing,
On a cold December morning,
Wrestled with and overcame him.
How he did it, do you ask me ?—
As the warm sun strips men's coats off,
When no wind that blows could do it :
Oh, it is not harsh, but *kind* words,
Overcomes our foes and gains them !
He then, o'er Lagoochee bending,
In his ear a moment whispered :
Quick Lagoochee rose, and smiling,
Said, "Art thou that Wa Wa-Wanda ?"
Said, "All this champaign I'll give thee,
From this Beaver Dam to yonder ;*
From the Salt Licks of Ohio,
To the Wabash that stops nowhere—
Thine to have and hold forever :
Into orchards quickly make them,
Though unseen, I'll labor with thee ;

* "How much land will you give me?" asked the great Pioneer. "From here all way round to yonder," answered the chief Rumbout, waving his arm around from East to West. Tradition says he stood upon a bluff, his younger chiefs present ; but she fails to tell what the consideration was, whether two, or two and one half gallons of whisky.

Etymology of the word : "all way round to yonder," when Indianized signifies Wa-wayanda. This latter, becoming corrupted into Wa-Wa-Wanda was applied personally to the great Pioneer.

Only with thy brethren share them.
Do not fall out, do not quarrel,
As ye plant them, as ye prune them,
Lest I come and blight the blossoms;
By this signal shall ye know it—
When they leave off bearing, only
Bearing every other season."

—o—

IX.

MOUNTAIN MAIDEN.

Thus the song of cider runneth,
As when from the hill of Helicon,
First the Hybla stream descended;
Then it was that Wa-Wa-Wanda,
Owning all the land that joined him,
As some wish to that we know of,
Standing—as upon the Andes
Stands the condor, keenly scenting—
Scenting out some storm to Eastward,
Flies into its teeth to meet it,*

* Audubon agrees with other ornithologists as to this storm-loving bird of the Andes. Its fondness for storms, like the petrel, prompts it to be

Drives it backward with its broad wings—
On the top of Sha-wan-gunk* standing,
And his arm aloft extending
Northward, Southward, Eastward, Westward,
Called upon the Four Winds loudly:
Blew they—not a tempest round it—
But such sea-mists as May mornings
Wrap around old Crow Nest's summit,†
And descend in silver fillets.
Then a sign—and as he made it,
With mysterious motions made it,
Rose the mists—and as they vanished,
Like to flying squadrons vanished,

much on the lookout. Our Northeast storms spend themselves by the time they reach the Cumberland; but the instincts of the condor teach it when a storm is on the way, discovering which, it sets off to meet it.

* Pronounced Shongum.

† That immortalized peak of the Highlands might equally well, with Catskill, have set for the picture:

> "Who so upon thy summit standing when,
> Like bannered hosts around the mountain side,
> Young April's mists at morn do pitch their camp—
> Sees clouds on clouds convolved around thy base,
> Himself as if upon a lonely isle,
> Lashed by the lurid waves."—*Pickering.*

Suddenly in their place of banquet,
Rose an apple tree in blossom;
'Neath it rose as fair a maiden;*
It, the first of "early bearers,"
She, the first of handsome women.
On her cheek, the rose and lily
In a loving contest struggled,
(In her bosom, thoughts as tender,)
Ending only by dividing
Half and half the realm between them;
To the rose—the cheek and ripe lip,
To the lily—hand and bosom.
Blushed, as well it might, the lily,
All to find itself outdone there;
Hung its head, the snow-white lily.
And her foot so light, the daisy
Knew not when she trod upon it.
And her eye shone, when it opened,
As the eyelids of the morning,

* If to the pagan mind, there seemed nothing strange a Venus should be sea-born, or a Phœnix rise from its own ashes—why, in Indian mythology, should it be deemed a thing incredible, a woman should be evolved from mists and blossoms?

True, she had been seen and known personally, as in the matter of the wild rose and the bivouac; but like Arethusa, it is to be presumed she dived under (to avoid contact with the rough settlers) long enough to be forgotten, and had now, like her antecedent, reappeared, and was worthy to be crowned their May Queen.

As the morning when it dawneth,
Throwing wide the purple curtains,
As it looks on beds of violets,
Makes to shine the dew upon them.

———o———

X.

GRAFTING:

OR, WA-WA-WANDA'S WEDDING.

Beauty may not go unworshipped,
Fairest flowers are culled the soonest:
Wa-Wa-Wanda woos and weds her,
Weds the Maid of mists and mountains,
(Hence the race of Cider-Makers)
Saying, "Why should two streams sever
That together could flow better?"
Then was Hymen's torch re-lighted,
And it shot up strong and steady,
Strong and steady—flared nor flickered—
But burned brightly, blazing, beaming;
Like a fire-light through the window
Of his cabin, blazed it, beamed it;

And the sailor boy to sea-ward,
Saw it, thought of home and hastened,
Bent more sail and home-ward hastened.
  But in order that in order
All be done, as without priest-craft
Nothing could be—Fringillida,
Lark of mornings, lark of meadows,
Said "I'll read the service for you;"
Took the top-most of the branches
Of the apple tree for an altar;
And by way of prelude to it,
Shook the dew-drops from his pinions,
Shook down showers of blossoms with them;
And with many a gush of music,
Trilling in a rich soprano,
He performed the service for them,
And performed it better, stronger,
And the love-knot staid tied longer
Than if human hands had tied it,
Since their's often do come untied.
  Then as in a recitativo,
Thus the Priest-Lark to the maiden:
(First in order as in honor)
"Takest thou this man to husband?"
And the maiden blushed her answer.
"Learn to stoop,—if thou would'st conquer,

And to follow—if thoud'st lead him ;
Patience, thine—as grace and beauty :
Many daughters have done wisely,
See that thou them all excellest."
There at, Falconida, Eagle,
From his eyrie mounted sun-ward
In a round of such gyrations
As put out the eye to follow ;
Screaming as he plied his pinions,
Screamed " excelsior" as he mounted.
Charmed at hearing strains so novel,
Columbida, Carrier-Pigeon,
On his passage paused to listen ;
And the Cuckoo, Cuculida,
Sang " I'll cease my ways unsocial,*
And my own nest build hereafter :
Meet, a mother be a mother,
And her fledgelings, that they miss not,
Miss the warmth of brooding winglets."
Tuned his pipes, the Thrush ; and Robin
Sang out to his mate more sweetly,
As if struck with sudden passion.

* The Cuckoo leads a solitary life. It should have been named the hermit bird. It does not dwell with its mate. When it flies, it flies alone. It lights in trees around human habitations. The female never builds her own nest, but drops her eggs in that of some other bird, leaving them there to be hatched out by it. [Vide Chalmers' Zoology.]

Then to Wa-Wa-Wanda turning,
With a gush that carried with it
Floods of warning as of music:
"Takest thou to wife, this woman?
Honor, thine—as strength and courage:
It was from man's side in Eden,
From his *side*, was woman taken,
That his *equal* he should make her;
Near his *heart*, that he should *love* her;
'Neath his arm that he *protect* her;
Not above it, that she rule not:
Let life's rule be, love and duty;
So shall life to you be pleasant,
And in death still undivided.

Be her sunlight, be his moonlight;
Thus between you halve the kingdom,
And your twilight shall last all night:
Earth-ward—hands to skill and labor,
Heaven-ward—looking, longing, soaring
In the morning as ye see me,
As ye see me every morning."

Then with words of solemn import,
Answered back Strigida, Barn Owl,
Words of wisdom and of warning,
From his hollow tree in Oaklands;
Rolled his eye tufts as he koo hoo'd

In the true oracular fashion,
As some young limbs of the Law do,
Saying, "With the lark dwells wisdom,
She who reared her seven pillars;
Spake the lark so well, so wisely,
Thought I, 'twas myself was speaking,
I could not have tied it better."
Then, in one grand chorus joining,
Sylviadæ, family warblers,
Merulidæ, Thrush and Buhl-Buhl;
Sang the Blackbird from the marshes,
Wild of note, with wing of scarlet;
Sang the Cat-bird from the hedge-row,
Sang Covida, he the Magpie,
And the Bluejay from the cornfield;
And Sturnida, the Ox-pecker,
Left his larvæ to the apis;*
The Wood-pecker on the pepridge
Sounded forth his love-notes louder;†

* The Sturnida, or Buphaga, may often be seen in small flocks following horn cattle through the pasture. They not unfrequently light upon the creatures' backs, and there feed on the maggot worms they pull out through the skin.

† The loud rich hollow notes which the wood-pecker sounds forth with his beak upon the hollow beach tree, are not made in pecking for worms in the decayed portions of it, but upon the solid parts, and are declared by Wilson to be his love-notes to his mate. This throws in the shade the

Trochilida, bird of humming,
For the first time put its wings up,
Charmed to hear of bowers more honied
Than its bower of honey-suckle.
Tardigrada, he the slothful,
For once hastened; Castorida,
The dam-builder, or the Beaver,
Waded to his door to listen;
Porcupine, the Hystracida
Sent a quill of admiration;
Sciurida, the Grey Squirrel,
Dropped his nut to hear the better;
And his antlers dropped, Cervida,
Reckless of the pack to heel-ward,
Heedless of the hounds behind him;
For the hound dog, the Canida,
Ceased his yelping on the hill-side;
And the cat her caterwauling,
Of the family Felidæ.
These all came to look and listen;
From their branches, from their burrows,
Came to celebrate the nuptials;
Celebrated till the sun set,
And looked out the star of evening.

the Indian mode of courting, which is to lie in the tall grass behind the father's wigwam, and whistle to her.

Thus the oratorio ended,
Giving as their grand finale:
As the waters show the heavens—
Mutually reflect each other;
Like the sun, and like the flower,
Like them—shone upon and shining;
As that sun the heavens ascending,
As that moon, in beauty walking—
Be her sunlight, be his moonlight.
Thus the Priest-Lark from the tree-top,
Married the man unto the maiden,
To the maid of mists and mountains;
And he called her "Bunch of Blossoms."*

* Forever rebuked be the idea politeness is not natural to the Indian breast, save when revenge has swallowed up every other passion. The circumstances, as the legend runs, to which sheowed her new name, were on this wise: When it became necessary Deun should settle, or lose his Patent, and because no one else competent would dare go, he persuaded Sarah, a girl of only sixteen years, to go and take possession in his name, promising her the fee of one hundred acres as compensation.

Mounted on horseback like some Eastern Nobless on high-born elephant, she ascended the river bank, and threaded her way, guided by an Indian and followed by the caravan, but not without a fluttering heart, and ere noon was several miles on her journey. Suddenly she was brought to a halt. The Indian, who had on foot, led her horse by the bridle, stopped. Instantly she realized her situation. She felt her fate was sealed. Captivity, secretion in the wilderness, far from home and loved ones; torture, violation and death—all rose in fearful array before her mind, and tears robbed her of utterance. She was in the keeping of her feelings. [See Eager's Orange County.]

Stooping down, and as if reading her thoughts, he plucked a wild

What is that beneath their window,
Setting all the air in motion ?
'Tis the wind-harp of Æolus,
Trying his hand at serenading :

SERENADE.

The Dove hath sought the Falcon's nest,
The Lamb, the Lion's lair ;
The bird that's weary should have rest,
But wherefore lights it here ?

The Hind the hunter's hut invades—
Nor aught of danger dreams ;
Why leaves the Hind her peaceful shades—
Doth leave its native streams ?

flower growing in their path—and silently handing it up to her, led on again. The delicate compliment was not lost upon the fair maid of Wa-wayanda, the original of Bunch of Blossoms. The reaction of feeling brought back the color to her cheek. Thus it is, a rough exterior may hide a smooth heart ; a hard shell, a sweet kernel.

That act, simple as touching, re-assured her, and she said to herself, "Surely as these wild roses grow not alone, but in clusters, so do virtues in the human breast, whatever its color. Acts of gallantry like that, dwell not alone—and I am safe—away my fears!" Ever after she was called "Bunch of Blossoms"—or "she of the wild rose;" and often as May returned, would she mount one upon her breast in token thereof.

Music's powers are alleged to soothe the savage. Perhaps beauty, combining with modesty and innocence, may have had a not unlike effect on her Indian footman. Sarah might well have sat for the portrait drawn by Addison, when at one stroke of his inimitable pencil, the canvass glowed with the sentiment—"The beauty of her person chastssed by the innocence of her thoughts."

Though dark his face, his heart is white,
His words though brief, are true ;
The Red man's hands, so strong in fight,
Are weak when friends do sue.

On wing of love, when comes the Dove,
The Falcon's nest to share—
Let hands of skill and hearts of love,
A fitting nest prepare.

The nights are long, the dews distill,
The Pale-Face's cheek is tender ;
But badger skins are soft, and will
From the night-damps defend her.

And thatched with these a wigwam, reared,
Awaits the Pale-face's Daughter,
Who comes to bless the humble board
Of Red Man by the water.

Our scouts came in at noon, and bade
For coming guest prepare ;
And ere that sun went down, was made
A wigwam for her here.

And loving hearts, as true as brave,
And willing feet and hands,
Are her's to hold, are her's to have—
To fly at her commands.

Jeebi benumb the hand that deals
Not gently with the mild face,
When comes the Dove on wing of love,
To dwell among our wild race !

What time the Thorn went forth to wed,
The Rose became his bride ;
And when the Lily tossed her head,
Sweetly the Rose replied :

"The Thorn is sharp but to his foes,
The Thorn is good to me :
I'll give my sweetness," said the Rose,
"So he my guardian be."

As the reed-choked stream flows slowly,
Slowly flows among the tangle—
Slowly flowed that strain Æolian ;
As it rushes when it breaks through,
Laughs and leaps when once it 'scapes them—
Swell out now upon the night-air,
Rise and swell those notes Æolian ;
Listen to its diapason,
On the night-breeze rising, swelling :

Ring, ring, ring—let everything
That is joyous, bright and fair,
Join in and sing, and such offerings bring,
As are meet for a bridal pair !

A wreath for the bride who stands at his side !
A wreath to adorn her hair !
A half blown rose best befits her brows,
A snow-white rose—set it there !

The symbols well the pure thoughts that dwell
In that bosom white as snow:
A charmed life to the hoping wife—
Be her future bright as now!

Bright, bright, bright! from morn till night,
Let no shadow cross the sky!
Let no brighter sun ever shine upon
A day set apart to joy!

Let the board be spread, and at its head,
Sit its henceforth rightful lord!
Let the heralds aloud proclaim abroad,
"Come ye to the banquet board!"

And a robe and a ring, and a welcoming,
Bring forth for each bidden guest
That comes to grace the time and place,
And let each prefer his quest:

For when Royalty weds, to the tune of great deeds
Be aye the honors done;
Let the largess pour in a golden shower—
For a Prince ascends the throne!

Here's a health to the Bride, and the groom at her side,
To her noble lord beside her!
Around let the glass right merrily pass—
While we pledge two in one in Cider!

And the apple-orchard echoed,
Echoed back those notes Æolian;
And the Evening held his breath in,

Held his breath to hear the better,
Hear how Wa-Wa-Wanda wedded,
Wooed and wedded Bunch of Blossoms.
Climbed them twain life's tree together;
Summer changed its blows to apples,
Threw them in the lap of Autumn;
Ovid-like, these Wa-Wa-Wanda
Metamorphosed into cider,
All for love of the dear people:
Nectar, did the Ancients call it,
Only Moderns call it Cider.

———o———

XI.

BUDDING OUT.

Flowers are lovely, buds are more so,
Budded soon our Bunch of Blossoms,
And they named it Shooting Cedar,
Pah-ta-coo-chee, Shooting Cedar.
How he grew and beat his father,
(In the way of Cider making,)
Ploughed more furrows, wider, deeper,
Set out orchards, larger, thriftier,

Made his cider keep sweet longer—
This is left to Bards more skilful,
Such as share the rarer favors
Of him who on Pindus sitteth,
And the ears of the immortals
Dost soothe with his inspirations;
  Left to such to sing his greatness,
Left to such to sing the sorrow
Shooting Cedar did inherit,
In his bosom bore so early,
As the apple bears the core-worm;
'Twas to see the more than folly
Of the people all around him:
Sour grapes had their fathers planted,
And the children, ate they of them,
Set on edge their teeth, the children:
As the fathers, so the children—
Streams may not out rise the fountain.
  Grew the briar and the bramble,
Grew—yet not their loves—but hatreds;
Low the fences, lean the cattle,
Swung the gates—but not on hinges;
Night and day the doors stood open:
Such life's sea, when Shooting Cedar,
Launched his bark upon its waters.
  As the stirring of the embers

Shows if yet one coal remaineth,
Which, if found, and wood be piled on,
Kindles, brightens, blazeth, burneth—
Shooting Cedar cast about him,
Much to find if in their bosoms
Lingered one redeeming feeling.
When he found it then he fanned it;
And they rallied at his stirring,
Caught him in their arms, exclaiming,
"We were dreaming—he awaked us,
He has turned our night to morning;
Well they named him "Shooting Cedar:"
As his name is—so the child is—
Heaven-ward pointing—heaven-ward leading
Summers, not of drought, but showers,
Years of plenty—not of famine,
Stalks of two ears—not of one ear—
We will follow, so he lead us;
For Fire-Water, he misled us,
Led us only to betray us;
For as Avarice the tomb is,
In old age of all the passions,
With the white man in old age is;
So Fire-Water's rod, it swallows
Up all other rods beside it:
He has eaten all our hearts out,

He has swallowed up our substance;
Shooting Cedar will restore it."

—o—

XII.

EARLY TRAINING.

As it strikes its roots, the Cedar,
More 'tis shaken, deeper strikes them
'Tween the rifted rocks forever—
So in truth and virtue rooted,
Pah-ta-coo-chee, Shooting Cedar,
Struck his "tap-root" deep, and deeper;
As his name was, was his nature,
He an evergreen on the war-path,
Downward rooting, upward shooting;
As his name was, was his nature,
Pah-ta-coo-chee, Shooting Cedar.
"What means that?" asked Pah-ta-coo-chee
Of his mother, sitting near her,
As a simple one reeled past them;
And his mother straight made answer:
"There are shorter roads to ruin,
Steeds more wild than bore Mazeppa,

And a chasm wider, deeper ;
'Tis the door-way of her dwelling
On whose neck the reins lie loosely :
As the ox goes to the slaughter,
Goes that young man to her chamber ;
Join thyself not to his chariot,
Come thou not into their secret :
Bound upon the back of Passion,
With Mazeppa is he riding,
Wildly riding to his ruin—
Oh the spur that speeds him onward !
And the hand that buckled it on him,
Which Fire-Water buckled on him !"
Then she warned him of another
Rock so many split on, saying,
" Anger is a fire unholy,
Often times it burns the censer,
Burns the censer that doth hold it :
There be breasts that bear it—bear it
As the flint bears fire—eschew it.
Every word in kindness spoken,
Summons to our side an angel ;
Every unkind word—a demon :
Oh, beware, my child, of anger,
For it companies with Fire-Water ;
Close companions you will find them—

Hand and glove, they go together."
" Mother, what is that low knocking
At my heart's door every night-fall,
As it were a stranger standing
At the door-way of our dwelling,
Every evening, knocking, knocking ?"
" 'Tis the Spirit of the Highest
Standeth at thy heart's door knocking ;
Bid Him enter," said his mother :
" There's a night that is unending,
There's a morning as enduring ;
'Tis to warn thee of that darkness,
'Tis to win thee to that brightness,
That the Spirit cometh, knocking.
'Twas with trumpet loudly sounding,
Sound all other sounds exceeding,
Was the Law in Horeb given ;
While the people stood afar off,
And their hearts within them failing,
As in Paradise our parents
Sought behind the trees to hide them—
Could not look upon that Presence,
Guilt so films the moral vision ;
What that Law, with all its sanctions,
Could not do for man's redeeming,
Came the Spirit to do for him,

At his heart's door nightly knocking.
This, my child, is not our country;
We are travelling to another,
Pitching our tents here for a season:
In the kingdom of our Father,
Is a house of many mansions;
Many little seats in glory;
There, as here, wouldst sit beside me?—
Nought there entereth that defileth:
Spits no poisonous toad, nor serpent,
'Mongst the turtle doves, its venom;
All is pure there- all is holy.
'Tis the Spirit come to lead thee
To that house of many mansions;
Only He can make thee holy:
Bid Him enter, lest thou grieve Him,
And He come no more each evening,
At thy heart's door knocking, knocking."
"What is that?" he interrupted,
As a caterpillar crept up,
And he raised his foot to crush it:
"Hold, my child," cried Bunch of Blossoms,
"Take no life thou canst not give back.
In that creature howe'er abject,
See an emblem of thyself, child:
When the Resurrection cometh,

Mortal puts on the immortal,
And corruption, incorruption.
Like the soul and its companion,
Low in dust its form it layeth,
Only to put on another;
Doffs its chrysalis state, to flutter
In a higher, in a heavenlier:
Soon, arrayed in colors bordering
On the gorgeous, on the glorious,
Thou shalt, from its own *exuviæ*,
See it soar, a thing of beauty;
Blossom of the empyrean,
Floating on ærial currents,
Stemless blossom, gaily floating.
Through the fall of our first father,
Fell the human race in ruin;
When life's fountain it grew bitter,
Bitter grew the streams descending;
To raise up our race when fallen,
And the bitter streams to sweeten,
He, the Lord of Life, descended;
He it is, gives grace and glory,
He the Life and Resurrection."
"Mother, why so green the grasses,
And so very fair the flowers?
Like a carpet spread, the earth is,

And the flowers the figures of it.
And yon moon so like a lamp lit,
From the ceiling of the heavens,
From the hall of heaven hanging—
Is a Queen, you say, and loves him,
Loves, but may not look upon him—
On the Day-King when he raceth."

Bunch of Blossoms straight made answer:
"When He lighted up that greater.
And that lesser light you speak of,
'Twas to give light to his children,
In the day time,—in the night time,
And to be for signs and seasons:
He who made them, can unmake them,
He will blow both out together—
Blow the moon out, blow the sun out;
When to sleep has gone his last child,
He will blow them out together—
Blow the moon out, blow the sun out.

Many times in the night-watches,
Went thy lamp out—and thou cried'st;
But since first *that* lamp was lighted,
It has gone on shining, shining—
Never has it flared or flickered:
Only when the eclipse came on it,
(On its Maker came a greater)

Then it flickered, waned and went out,
And for three long mortal hours,
Put an ebon veil upon it.
Meet the creature put on mourning,
When eclipsed was the Creator!
One there cometh, from whose brightness
Shall the clouds of darkness vanish,
From whose face, as if affrighted,
Flee away the earth and heavens.
'Tis the sun that paints the landscape,
Colors all the fields and forests;
Turns at morn, the sea to silver,
And each evening into crimson,
Back to crimson—deepest crimson.
When he sent this ball revolving
'Round that sun, as 'round its centre,
All was verdureless and barren,
As of goodness man is barren—
Then He made the flowers and grasses,
'And the evening and the morning
Were the third day.'
Much 'twas whispered,
It was to the angels given,
When the earth was made, to carpet it:
Down upon this errand, came they;
"What shall be the color?" asked one;

And they all said, "Green the color—
Green the ground, whate'er the figure."
Next, "The pattern—what shall that be?"
One, "On this wise"—one, "On that wise—"
No two could alike design it:
Company was expected Friday,
And the house, it must be ready;
So in haste each angel wrought it—
After its own fashion wrought it,
Like a coat of many colors.

Hence, my child, the carpet came out,
Though the ground be green, the figures
Be of every form and color;
And their number is 'ten thousand
Times ten thousand;' by the way-side
You may see them yearly blooming—
Though unlike, in beauty blooming,
In the gardens of the rich man,
In the gardens of the poor man;
But most sweetly in the grave-yard,
Whispering there of hope and heaven.

Not, my child, with loss of Eden,
Came the loss of flowers—of flowers;
These remain, as if to inspire us
With the love of moral beauty:
Are they not the smiles the angels

Left behind them when they fled us?"
Then in tones subdued, she whispered,
Bent her head down low and whispered,
"Such the carpet spread our Parents;
But they soiled it, soon they soiled it,
Trod with wicked feet upon it;
And then left it stained and spotted."
Oft the querist paused and pondered,
Oft the querist winked and wondered—
Wondered at the stories told him,
Told him of the earth and heavens,
Of the heaven of heavens, told him.
Then as if in a deep study,
Up and down he strode, and pausing,
Eyed and felt himself all over,
Much like one soliloquizing,
And as did our father Adam
When he woke, and for the first time,
Felt himself and gazed around him;
Gazed he in his mother's two eyes,
In them saw himself reflected,
As the sun does in the dew-drop:
More he learned, the more he wondered.
Bunch of Blossoms, though men ranked her
As the apple tree 'mong the wood-trees,
Or among the thorns—the lily,

Shedding odors all around her ;
Shooting Cedar was soon set up
As the Roe-Buck of the mountains,
In whose foot-steps sprang the thyme up,
Making all the mountains spicy.
Fell the cascades of those mountains
On his youthful ear like music ;
But like sweeter music to him,
Were the counsels that she gave him.
These, as greater grew the distance,
Like a chain of gold they bound him ;
Gold the clasp, whate'er the girdle.
Such the questions he would ask her,
Such the answers she would make him ;
Stored his mind with knowledge useful,
Fired his heart with high emotions,
Trained his hand to high endeavor ;
Taught, whatever depth had ocean,
There was in his soul—a deeper ;
Pointed out to him the future,
Pointed out the path to greatness,
Path to greatness, path to glory ;
(Path of shame as well as glory)
Warned him of the snares abounding,
Of the moral Mælstrom warned him,
And the wine-cup, in which yearly

More were drowned than in the ocean.
Thus, as with his food, he drank in,
Early drank in draughts that made him
Strong in love, and deeds, of virtue ;
Not by naturally a good heart,
But the conquest of a bad one ;
Made him worthy of his father,
Made him worthy of his mother :
So, to graft the tree, improves it,
In its branching in its bearing.
As the bee from flower to flower
Flies in quest of virgin honey ;
Rests not till its stores are gathered,
Stores for winter's use are gathered—
So, in quest of forage mental,
Pah-ta-coo-chee, Shooting Cedar,
Left off questioning his mother—
Put his questions to his father.

"Whence is this ?" asked Shooting Cedar,
Picking up a piece of lava,
And a pebble and a boulder ;
"Whence these rents the rocks discover,
Yawning at us deep and fearful—
Whence the pebbles, rents and boulders ?'
Wa-Wa-Wanda could not answer:

He could strip the birch, its bark off,
He could build chemauns and rush them,
Whether down or up, the rapids,
Trap the otter, keep the war-trail,
Throw the lasso, twang the bow-string—
These, as well as make sweet cider;
But he could not read such riddles,
All was dark to Wa-Wa-Wanda.

Much had Buuch of Blossoms taught him,
And he'd vowed her God should his, be,
And her people be his people;
Where she died, that there would he die,
And with her would he be buried:
"Manitou," said he, "forsake me
If e'er aught but death divide us!"
But he could not read the riddle—
Could not answer Shooting Cedar.

Thus, though *brave* by name and nature,
He was groping in the darkness,
Like to men benighted, groping,
Or lost children in the forest,
Near their home, but ignorant of it;
Horn and hoof, could bind the bison,
But he could not read the riddle—
Read the lava, rents, and boulders;
On his future rose no day-star—

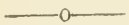
All was dark to Wa-Wa-Wanda,
And he sought some one to lead him.
Then they found where it was written,
Searched and found where it was written:
"For the Highest bowed the heavens
And came down; He came from Teman,
And asunder drove the nations.
When they heard Him, then they trembled,
For the Highest came from Paran,
And asunder drove the nations.
Then he made the clouds his chariot,
And for steeds, the winds He harnessed:
And He rode upon a cherub;
Underneath Him was thick darkness—
Clouds and darkness round about Him;
From his nostrils went a smoke up—
Coals of fire were kindled by it.
Moved the mountains at his Presence,
And they melted down before Him;
Burning coals his breath enkindled,
Burning coals his feet they scattered,
The perpetual hills bowed lowly:
Are His ways not everlasting?
Then the earth He stood and measured,
And the tribes of men upon it;
As the small dust of the balance,

Seemed the creatures on his foot-stool,
Seemed the nations fleeing from Him.
Nor alone the earth—the waters,
When they saw Him, were affrighted,
And were lifted up together;
As the forests, so the waters—
Clave the earth, and heaved the ocean,
For his voice was on the waters.
And the ships at anchor riding,
Slipped their cables, and to sea-ward,
Went and stood far out to sea-ward;
But He shot his arrows past them,
And they found them out, his arrows;
And the ships they heavily labored,
Reeled and rocked like men when drunken;
For the great deep like a caldron,
Like a seething caldron, heaved it.
Then as if their crews to comfort,
From his hiding place, the Highest
Looked out and rebuked the tempest;
And the winds and waves obeyed Him,
Crouched down at his feet and whimpered,
At his Royal feet they whimpered.
Then were his repentings kindled;
And He held his mighty breath in,
When He saw how great their smallness,

How affrighted were our fathers.
Ceased they then to melt, the mountains,
And the rocks to rend asunder,
And to swell and heave, the ocean;
Then resumed their smiles, the valleys,
And the people breathed more freely;
And He bade them come back to Him,
Held his sceptre out toward them,
Held the rain-bow out as sceptre,
Set his Urim and his Thummim
In their camp's midst, saying, "This shall
Be the symbol of my Presence;
I have bridged the gulph between us,
Ye shall be my sons and daughters."
"Such, my son," the father added,
Pressing him closer to his bosom—
"Such the calm when storms are over,
Such the bow the heavens that spanneth;
For as lightning and as thunder,
Are his eye and voice, to mortals."
Thus the pebble, thus the boulder,
And the lava—thus they came there;
For the sea disclosed its secrets,
And the earth belched up its bowels,
Where the lava cooled—it rested;
And the boulder—where the waters,

Wearied, rested—there they left it,
As a man lays down his burden,
Lays it down when he is weary.
'Twas not then, in twain the rocks rent,
Shuddered not then, as since, Himmaleh,*
Nor our cloud-capped Chimborazo:
When the earth shook to its centre,
As 'twas shaken ages after—
Then it was, the fissures opened,
Then it was, were formed the caverns;
Those, as 'twere, of tears the channels,
These, in which its groans were uttered;
Tears and groans that well became it,
When its Maker bowed Him on it,
On his footstool bowed its Maker!"—
But again I am cast my story.

* Pronounced Hym-al-yeh—Dr. Scudder.



XIII.

CHRISTENING.

When the day came him to christen,
Came the day the child to christen,—
Came the birds to serenade him;
Birds of every form and feather,
From no flaming red-flamingo,
To the wren of dullest color;
Be they chatterers, singers, warblers,
From the rice-fields of the South land,
To the pine-plains of the North land;
Tuneful birds, and birds not tuneful.

When their joint refrain was ended,
Turning 'round to Bunch of Blossoms,
(Name the angels said she went by)
Wa-Wa-Wanda asked her, saying,
"Would a solo please thee better?"
Thereat, woke the Chief of Songsters,
Woke the Cat-bird, bird of mocking;
Such her powers of song, and varied,
Basso, alto, tenor, treble,—
Saying, "I will sing a solo."

Then they all around her gathered,
Saying, "Sing to us a solo,

Improvising as you sing it,
That the day may be remembered,
That the child we came to christen,
Long may keep the cider running;
Sing a song of by-gone ages,
When the Red man, and he only,
Dwelt here, trapped it, fished and hunted;
When the men, were *men*, and women,*
Women, and they thought of something
Else than conquests and coquetting,
Else than fashions, fans and flirting."
Whereupon the chief of songsters,—
She who keeps the hedges ringing,
As if every bird were singing;*

* Stouter hearts than Sarah's have quailed before a condition of things less formidable, and made them weak as children. To settle a Patent of unknown wilderness of eighty square miles, infested by serpents, tenanted by savages, and roamed over by beasts of prey—by the intrepidity and personal daring of a girl of sixteen—the records of settling the world from Noah's time down, cannot produce a deliberate attempt like it. Modern female heroism stands abashed in the presence, nay, at the bare contemplation of such a fearless yet dangerous act. Is there a man on the Patent this day, would send out an orphan girl of such tender age upon a like errand? And if he would, where is the little maid could summon courage for the enterprize, and keep her heart whole while executing it? [See Eager's Orange County.]

* Lord Brougham in his recent address on assuming the Chancellorship of the University of Edinburgh, speaking of students whose learning was more varied than profound, likens them to "the cat-bird which warbles all the notes that make the grove vocal, but has no song of its own."

While in circles narrowing, narrowing,
Grouped to hear her, grouped her sisters—
Smoothing back her ruffled plumage,
Like some birds of different feather,
When they crowd to hear some story,
In the season of sweet cider—
Improvised to them a solo.—

TAWEE-NEE.

"Who has not heard of Tawee-nee,
The far-famed forest flower?
An Indian chieftain's daughter, she,
Her court—a birchen bower.
Wider than was the Sachem's realm,
That sov'reignty of her's;
For Whampoag Oak and Pequod Elm
Were 'mong her worshippers.

And one there was—for the maiden loved,
As maidens ofttimes do,
Whose suit went not all unapproved—
None drew a stronger bow.
Few were the favors she bestowed,
Yet there be those who say
His moccasins and wampum showed
Traces of Tawee-nee.

Oh, Tawee-nee was young and fair,
As fair as early dawn;
Her breath was like the morning air,
Her step was like the fawn.

And when she walked those green aisles wide,
The leaves were all astir ;
The wild deer gamboled at her side—
They feared no shaft from her.

Yet 'twas no ill-aimed shaft she sped,*
Nor least, those from her eye ;
No target but of steel, they said,
Could e'er those shafts defy :
Oft when the hunting season came,
The Braves returned in bands,
Like men out-done ; they found the game
Slain ready to their hands.

And when, all in the wood-land tongue,
She improvised a song,
Brooks, birds, and bees joined in and sung,
The cadence to prolong :
The pine trees caught it with their breath,
(Heard not their minstrelsies ?)
As 'twere some bride of Love and Death,
Commingling songs and sighs.

Strange tales are told of Tawee-nee,
When Tawee-nee was born—
Such lofty parentage had she :
Her person to adorn,

* Whoever her artillery-bearer was, she must have shot some arrows past him which he never picked up ; for many an arrow-head and dart, —some broken, some entire—has the writer when a boy, picked up on the "Neckfields," following the ploughman as he turned the furrows. This was about two miles north of Rumbout's Runn—a branch of the Otter-kill—and on the banks of which stood the wigwam of the Chief whose name it bears ; Rumbout being one of the 12 chiefs to whom King Charles covenanted it should be theirs forever. The arrow-heads and darts were made, some of flint stone, some of feldspar.

The Graces doffed their guise and gave her;
Their jewels, the Virtues lent;
Manitou, seeing, said, "I'll have her"—
And off with him she went.

And ever since, when brows of grace,
And angel forms we see,
We're only looking on the face
And form of Tawee-nee.
Oh, Tawee-nee was tall and straight!
Oh, Tawee-nee was fair!
As fleet as were the hinds, her feet,
Like raven's wing, her hair.

A legacy she left her heirs,
That tasseled with the years;
Kings recognise the scarf it wears,
And count the golden ears:
Men call it Indian Corn, the seed
She in departing sowed;
We thank the Maiden for the deed,
And send it all abroad.

Oh, Tawee-nee was kind and true,
As kind as she was fair:
All honor to the Pale-Face who
May with our Belle compare!
For Tawee-nee rose with the sun,
Her mirror—Long-Walk Lake:
Ye who would shine out as she shone,
With her your toilet make.

Pemican, mahng, ewa-yea-kaw,
Meda, nosa, kaw, ugh;
These were but household words with her,
Ameek, kaween, kaneu;

Her soul companioned with the storm,
And with the thunder talked;
And many a night a mystic form
Went with her as she walked—

Wondering if to the hunting grounds
Beyond that westering moon,
There, too, would come the white-man's hounds;
For oft while yet ungrown,
She heard her Prophet father say,
Growing taller as he said it—
"My Race is fading fast away;"
So desolate they made it.—

'Twas so: one after one, they died,
The Chieftain and his Braves;
Remained, of all that earldom wide,
What might suffice—for graves.
Living—they wore the ducal crown,
Dead—shall they be forgot,
As when some ship at sea goes down
With naught to mark the spot?—

Oft as we hear some mighty oak
Fall in the deep wood green,
We'll think we hear the sound, the shock,
When fell those war-whoop men
Her's was the heraldry of stars,
Emblazoning fields of blue;
Her lore, old legends of the wars,
Her trophies—ask the Soux!

Daughters of a more favored race,
Born 'neath a kindlier star,
Ye have their lands; have then the grace
Their virtues, too, to share;

For, writ in characters of fire,
In heaven behold the sign !
Carthage the great, is not—nor Tyre ;
Their fate—it may be thine !"

"All too long, and all too doubtful,"
Cried the blackbird, criticising ;
"Give, oh give us, Fringillida,
Some time priest and sometime songster ;
Give a song of joy and gladness,
Such as doth thy name betoken :
'Nough we've heard of squaws and wampum."
Then the Lark, to please his sisters,
But himself more, sang on this wise :
"Soon the Equinox Autumnal
Will be here, when I must leave you,
For the land of the banana ;
Up the Orient already
Mounts the Bull in Taurus, casting
Golden dust of suns around him—
'Tis the signal of my going."
Turning then to Wa-Wa-Wanda,
And the Infant Archer near him,
Sang in strains both blythe and plaintive—
Sang the Lark from out the tree-top :

LARK'S APPEAL.

"In the Spring-time when the blossoms
Beautify the bough,
Fresh as hopes in youthful bosoms
That with ardor glow;

Seek we then again the places
Which we sought of yore;
Happy if we meet the faces
Which we met before.

For thy cheer, the songs we sing thee,
From hearts glad and free;
Warm, then, as that cheer we bring thee,
Let our welcome be.

'Tween the sunshine and the shadow,
List our roundelay;
From the lilies in the meadow,
From the green-wood tree.

Yet not all is joy and gladness,
That our natures know;
Like to man's our lot; by sadness
Our's is chequered, too:

Oft on wings of love when flying,
Targets we are made;
But this morn, my mate fell dying,
And at noon was dead.

Oh, as ye would list our carol,
Each returning Spring—
Save us from the loaded barrel,
And the bow and string!

When it rains, the sheltering bushes
Hide us from the rain;
When it clears, with sweeter gushes
We come forth again.

On the tallest tree-top singing,
Listen to our lay;
In the morning early, singing—
Singing all the day.

Many a load of human sorrow,
Many a hidden pain:
Many an if of man's to-morrow,
Scatters at our strain.

But our songs, like flowers, however,
Do not aye remain:
At the first frost, we must sever,
But we'll meet again.

This the sign of our returning,
When, at sunset hour,
Drops his fold, Orion, burning
In his western bower.

But as ye would greet our carol
With the coming Spring,
Save us from the loaded barrel,*
And the bow and string."

* So powerful was this appeal of the Lark, it is said that the Sporting Craft united with the people at large in petitioning the State Sanhedrim, which straightway enacted a special protection law for all birds; so they are now to be hunted, killed, and caused to perish, according to law—a remarkable instance of harmony in council.

"Rather sad and sentimental,
For a song of joy and gladness,"
Cried a Bob-o'Link from a maple;
"Too much of the egotistic—
Should not sit for one's own picture;
And withal, it is unnatural
When birds talk with voices human.
True, the ass of old once tried it,
But then sky-larks are not asses.
Pleased me more, the cat-bird's solo,
Saving that it was no solo;
For she set the hedges ringing,
As 'twere every bird was singing;
Though her plumage be less brilliant,
Has she not a soul inside her?
Though they call her bird of mocking,
Of a royal family is she—
Of the family Merulidæ:
Should have heard her ere we judged her,
Ere we judged her, should have heard her."
"Twaddle! twaddle! only twaddle!"
Screamed the Sea-Gull; "I will sing you.
That the day may be remembered,
That the child we came to christen,
Long may keep the Cider running;
Sing a song of love and daring,

Love most faithful when most tempted ;
So you do not criticise me
As we did the Robert Lincoln,
With his ' Boys—sabba-day—boys-boys,
We-will-get-some-slippery-elm.'
Critics—I repudiate them,
As the lion, the hyena—
With this difference between them :
Lion kills not, save when hungered,
And he eats but what he killeth ;
The hyena, he less noble,
Takes up with the lion's leavings,
Or exhumes some buried body."
Then they all flew at the raven
Jointly crying, " He, a critic !
Hear his inharmonious ' caw ! caw !'
He should have his feathers off him,
As his epaulets, the soldier,
When he puts dishonor on them,"
And they plucked the feathers off him ·
Jeebi changed him to a weasel ;
Nightly you may hear him prowling
As the critic prowleth, preying
Not on his, but other's labors.
All on this wise, then he broke out :

SONG OF THE SEA-GULL.

"The swallow hath left for the South with its young,
And the crimson is deepening the maples among;
The squirrel hath laid its last nut up in store,
And nightly the waters plash chill on the shore.

Bird of the Icelands! why art thou not here,
As thy wont was, to signal the change of the year,
With thine eye full of fire, and thy heart full of glee?
Thy welcome is ready—I'm waiting for thee.

I saw—was it thine? a bird fondly eying
Its image reflected far down in the bay;
And the grace of its form, and its fashion of flying,
Claimed kindred with thine, thou bold bird and gay."

"I am come, I am come; flew I not at thy call?
And true to the instincts of nature, lo! all
Thy feathered companions, or grey blue, or white,
Have gallantly flocked in the wake of my flight.

Where the Polar star keepeth its watch in the North,
From the land of the glaciers I wandered forth;
Midst ice-bergs and regions of strawberry snow,*
Where the Polar bear feeds on the starved Esquimaux,

To save him the labor of feeding on him.
Oh, say not, I sought thee not, sorrowing most,
Lest I find thee not, ere the night close on me dim;
For what were life to me, if thee I had lost?"

* Dr. Kane, in his Arctic Voyages, describes entire fields of snow of strawberry, orange, and other colors, with his hypothesis for the same—the conditions of atmosphere, formative thereof, &c. It remains for Dr. Hays to contradict or affirm it.

"Then rest, weary bird, rest! thy journey was long,
The crest of the billow thy cradle shall be;
Should a fear for our fledglings come over thee strong,
Know that He their nest watcheth, who watcheth o'er thee.

The winter days gone, we will seek them anew,
Our plumage renewed, as the life of the eagle;
Oh, who, could he borrow our wings, would not go,
Not start at the first breath of Spring, like the Sea-Gull?

From his winter of soul, its frosts and its chill;
And giving, it may be at parting, a tear
Or two to the dear ones who suffer here still,
Seek a clime far-away, and the friends who are there."

Asked the whip-poor-will, instanter,
"Who e'er heard of Sea-Gulls singing,
Or which left their mates behind them,
Or their young when emigrating?—
Well her name becomes her nature.
I in turn, a song will sing you,
That the day be not forgotten,
That the child we came to christen,
Long may keep the Cider running;
Sing a song of Sin and Sorrow,
How in days before sweet Cider
Wrung the sceptre from Fire-Water,
Men to beasthood fast were turning,
And the women into mourning;
How some fathers drank their farms up,

Taught their sons their sires to honor,
And to break her heart, their mother:
  Old men striving, young men striving;
Those—to put the fatal shirt off,
These—as hard to put it on them;
Shirt of Nessus, that ne'er comes off,
But it brings the skin off with it;
How a youth—him one of many—
Going field-ward, found an adder,
(Cold, and stiff and lifeless, lay it,)
Pitied, and put in his bosom,
In his bosom rashly put it;
For when warmed to life, it stung him.
  Stung the goblet, all who quaffed it,
And the pit enlarged its borders
To receive them at their coming;
Still it biteth as a serpent;
Still it stingeth as an adder,
Still an angel's form it weareth,
Still with syren voice it singeth—
Sweet at first, but ending bitter.
In the wine-cup you may see him;
Though its brim be wreathed with flowers,
You may see him lurking in it,
See him lurking at the bottom."

SONG OF THE WHIPPOORWILL.

"The night hangs dark on Otter-kill,
Slow drag the hours and dreary;
For whom is Ellen waiting still?
Oh, why is Ellen weary?

A cloud bespreads the heavens o'er head,
Portending coming rain;
A darker cloud her brow doth shade,
Her tears—a present rain.

Oh, why those tears upon her cheek?
That cloud upon her brow?
Such signs an aching heart bespeak,
Bespeak a broken vow.

The morning comes at last, and streaks
Anew the eastern skies;
It plays upon the mountain peaks,
But not in Ellen's eyes.

Now take thy lute, if power it hath
To charm thee more; in vain:
Thou tread'st henceforth a thorny path—
Those tears must flow amain.

For Love no more reseeks his home
At each returning even;
A wandering star has Love become,
And thou to grief art given.

Oh, for the power to break the spell
That nightly keeps him from her!
How soon should light those eyes refill—
Her Winter turn to Summer!

Beside thy garden's poppy bed,
The mandragora grows;
And they who drink its juice, 'tis said,
Straightway forget their woes:

Go drink it when the stars are red,
Calling upon his name;
And say the prayer not vainly said
When Heaven approves the claim.

But no—the sleep which once thou knewest,
Thou'll know no more, whate'er thou doest—
Sleep flies a bleeding bosom;
There's hope, if but a root remain,
The tree that dies, may live again—
Again may bud and blossom;

But who that's seen the sun decline
In Faith's fair firmament;
Like idol ravished from its shrine,
From Love, his kingdom rent—

Ere saw that sun reseek his noon?
That idol, shrine-ward yearn?—
Who ever saw, or late, or soon,
A wandering star return?

Ralph tarries where the wine they fill,
Nor reck, if late or early:
Therefore sits Ellen waiting still,
For this is Ellen weary.

Yon church-yard boasts an added mound,
Beside it, one more dreary;
For sleep at last has Ellen found,
No more is Ellen weary."

Suddenly the guests departed—
Went the birds back to their branches,
Went the beasts back to their burrows;
But the whip-poor-will kept singing,
Sang his song of Sin and Sorrow;
And the Evening stayed to listen,
'Round it wrapped its cloak, and listened.

Came his notes now out the Orchard,
Now from out the forest came they;
And which way soe'er they came from,
Still 'twas sad and solemn music;
And unto this present seems it,
If not lost, a lonely spirit,
Doomed to wander in the darkness,
Songs of Sin and Sorrow singing,
Singing songs of Sin and Sorrow.

Vanished next our Wa-Wa-Wanda,
With him vanished Bunch of Blossoms,
And the child named Shooting Cedar;
And the day *was* long remembered,
Long the child they named, kept growing,
Long he kept the Cider running.

XIV.

WA-WA-WANDA'S WIFE'S WAYS.

Sweet of breath was Bunch of Blossoms,
With the dew of youth upon her;
Zephyr, given to coquetting,
Always lingered as he passed her;
Lingered not on the Spice-Islands,
Lingered not by Coromandel—
Only lingered when he passed her:
Thus the bee, its way when winging,
(So't be not o'er fields of Buckwheat,
Fields of Buckwheat in full blossom.)
Turns aside, if sweeter odors
From some jasmine bower enticeth—
Turns aside to dally with them.
Sweet of breath was Bunch of Blossoms,
Sweet in Spring-time, but the sweetest
When, by angel hand directed,
Came she through the open casement
Where the stricken one lay dying,
Sick and dying in her chamber,
From whose eye earth's green was fading.
Oh, how oft the reed we lean on,
Does but pierce us through with sorrow!—

Such the wound of which she languished.
As at straws do catch the drowning,
Caught her mother at the fragrance,
Fanned the daughter's temples with it;
And the pulse, fast ebbing, rallied,
And her eye a moment brightened,
As the breath of Blosoms blest her,
With its benediction blest her;
Though 'twas as the candle flareth
Up a moment—then expireth;
Or the drought-struck maize reviveth
With the shower too late in coming.
Now, no kin was Bunch of Blossoms,
To the mother or the Daughter.
"Qu'est ce que cela?" cried Bunch of Blossoms,
"Are there not the ties of nature?
All are kin to me who suffer;
As the sunshine, as the showers
Nurse the grasses, nurse the flowers,
More they need them, more they nurse them—
Such my mission: woe betide me,
When the human plant it droopeth,
If I breathe my balm not on it,
Bid it not revive and flourish!
As the night-breeze to the drooping,
As the sunshine when it cometh,

Is to them that set in darkness—
Am I to the hearts which suffer,
To the drooping—to the dying."
Sweet of breath was Bunch of Blossoms,
Welcome in the sick-room ever;*
But she could not stay the arrow,
Though she breathed her sweetest on it
Low a mother's knee was bended,
Went up prayers, though unavailing;
All a mother's love was lavished,
Vainly lavished, though 'twas quenchless:
Sweet of breath was Bunch of Blossoms,
But she could not save the dying,
Could not bribe the King of Terrors.
What she had to give—she gave her;
It was but a moment's respite,
Yet 'twas long enough to take her,

* The passion which patients in the last stages of consumption have for flowers, is well known. They seem to form the connecting link between two worlds—and caught at by those passing from one to the other. Climbing in at the window, they enter the chamber of the sick man; and as if imbued with a loving spirit, they turn backward the shadow on the dial-plate,—re-open the almost death-sealed eye—rally the ebbing pulse: and when no longer able to arrest the wasting away of mortality, they whisper to the dying, of the bowers amaranthine.

As touching the Resurrection, they symbol it well. It was in a garden (it may have been of flowers) where was hewn out the Sepulchre of Him who said—"I am the Resurrection and the life."

Back on memory's track to take her,
To the days when, winged with pleasure,
Flew the hours now gone for ever.
Child she was again, and gamboled
Through the fields of scented clover,
Smiled again with her companions,
As before the Angel called her,
And the lily stole the roses,
Stole them from her cheek, the lily.
Languished into life the daughter ;
In the narrow house appointed,
There they laid her, what was of her :
Shone so much of heaven within her,
And so little of the earthly—
There was little left to bury.
Yearly as returned the season,
Bunch of Blossoms, and her virgins
With her, robed in Vernal beauty,
Scented all her narrow dwelling,
As she scented first her chamber,
When she soothed but could not save her :
Sweet of breath was Bunch of Blossoms,
With the dew of youth still on her,
Holy was on earth her mission.
But the mother, such no longer,
Nightly sought the grave to weep there ;

And the stars bent down to listen,
Weeping as they bent to listen.

MOTHER'S LAMENT.

I.

"When the *young* tree's barked, Jennie,
Soon again it heals;
When an *old* tree's barked, Jennie,
What is there avails?

II.

Very hard to heal, Jennie,
Is an old tree's wound:
I am as an old tree, Jennie,
Mine an old tree's wound.

III.

Time may heal in youth, Jennie,
Time may heal the young:
I could better bear it, Jennie,
Were I young and strong.

IV.

Time's a healing hand, Jennie,
For hearts in their prime;
But no salve for mine, Jennie,
No such salve hath Time.

V.

Reft was I before, Jennie,
Of all limbs but one;
Thou that only limb, Jennie,
And that limb is gone.

VI.

Tears come not to aid, Jennie,
As they used to do;
With thee took'st thou them, Jennie,
That they cease to flow?

VII.

Oh, the dearth that scorns, Jennie,
The poor aid of tears!
Which the spirit bears, Jennie,
Bears through dewless years.

VIII.

Would I could have died, Jennie,
Died in place of thee;
Sweeter thus, than live, Jennie,
And not live for thee.

IX.

When men pass my door, Jennie,
Oft I hear them say
'Years—years alone, could never
Wear her thus away.'

X.

Well they read my heart, Jennie,
This lone heart of mine,
As I read the hectic, Jennie,
On that cheek of thine.

XI.

Spring came, but it took, Jennie,
Not away thy pain;
Nor could Summer's balm, Jennie,
Make thee well again.

XII.

Balmy were the flowers, Jennie,
Which they brought to thee;
But they could not bring, Jennie,
Bring thee back to me."

Thus bemoaned herself, the Mother,
And the stars bent down to listen;
There was else, nor voice nor hearing.
People called it the Consumption
That she died of; but 'twas rumored,
'Twas a broken heart she died of:
All her life had she been dying,
All her wedded life, been dying;
She a wife without a husband,
For her husband was no husband:
Strong drink came and stood between them;
And his heart—once her's, her's only—
Stole it from her, stole his reason,
Drove the manhood from his nature;
And his arm, once her protector,
(O unnatural put of power!)
Only rose as her oppressor.
Yet this last to bear, was easier
Than the cold neglect which followed:
Like a lily left to languish
In the garden once 'twas courted—

Bowed her head upon her bosom,
From the world to hide her sorrow.
Oh, could it have been but anger,
Could her love have turned to hatred,
Better could her heart have borne it;
For what heart that once has worshipped
At the shrine of some dear idol,
So that heart it be a woman's—
Could without, or with, a struggle,
Cast that darling idol from it?
Thus, when lucid hours came o'er him,
Who shall paint the sudden rising
Of the tide of hope within her?
But which tide, like that of ocean,
Only rose—to ebb the lower!
For as often as she planted
It, the rose, beside her pillow,
He would plant his thorn beside it.
Then retreating to her chamber,
She bemoaned herself on this wise:
"O my husband! O my husband!
Soul of chivalry, soul of honor—
Once of chivalry, once of honor—
Changed, how changed in all save feature!"
Then upon her knee low bending,
Sought she strength to bear her burden:

INVOCATION.

" God of mercy! God of Heaven!
What was from my life withholden,
Grant that to my death be given—
Give, oh, give me back my husband!

Ere his bark, the rock it dash on,
Down the fearful rapids gliding—
What shall cure his monster passion?
Where shall I my head be hiding?

Where, but in Thy faithful bosom,
In this hour of my despair?
Turn not from the blighted blossom,
Hear a more than widow's prayer.

Come I not at thine own calling?
'Heavy laden,' I, and 'weary;'
Thou who dried'st *her* tears when falling,
Thou who heard'st the weeping Mary—

For a mortal, hear a mortal,
At Thy foot-stool humbly bending;
Grant repentance—grant him pardon,
Hear, oh, hear my prayer ascending!"

Then unto her husband turning,
As he entered, suddenly sobered,
And on this wise she addressed him:
" In the sad and silent grave-yard
Whitherward my feet are wending,

When thou comest too late to mourn me ;
And as from the tomb, the voices
Of the painful past are pleading ;
If, in such an hour coming,
Thou should'st of that past bethink thee,
When—as to the Ark its window,
Came the dove of old—so to it,
To the window of this bosom,
Came that bird of hope, soft knocking—
Thou as often drovedst it from me ;
If, in such an hour relenting,
If, in such an hour repenting,
If in such an hour returning,
To thy former self returning,
Thou regain thy hold on Heaven—
Though my sun haste to its setting,
And no hand turn back the shadow,
Back the shadow on the dial—
Sweet to die, if *that* but save thee!
And from yonder seat in glory,
I will come on angel errand ;
In thy breast thoughts pure and holy,
Will I whisper, softly whisper ;
As the loving hind, and gentle,
Gentle roe, will still be near thee."
So the tender Doe, when wounded,

Turns aside from its companions,
And behind the friendlier laurel,
Hides the tear that will be streaming—
Looks upon the rankling arrow,
Looks upon the hand that sent it!

——o——

XV.

WA-WA-WANDA'S LAST WORDS.

Like Pomona when her vine-yards
Put the grange off for the purple;
Like to Ceres when she called them,
Called her youths and maidens round her,
When the fields were white to harvest—
Saying, 'There are sickles, thrust them
In the grain now ripe for reaping;'
Then the shouting of the reapers,
Barn-ward as their sheaves they gathered,
And the feasting when 'twas over,
Of the young men and the maidens,
While the old men sat and looked on,
Thinking of the days when younger,
They, too, shouted, reaped and feasted:
So our Chief of Cider Makers
Called his son unto him, saying,

"Pleasant hast thou been unto me,
For thy love was passing woman's;
But I am growing old and feeble,
And must leave you for my fathers;
Worn and weary I am growing,
For my fathers I must leave you.
Yearly as the apples ripen,
If it be the year for bearing,
Into baskets carefully put them,
Into cider quickly grind them,
As your father did before you,
'Mid the lowing of the oxen,
As they wheeled the loaded wagons,
Wheeled them to the mill for grinding;
With his cider rig upon him,
With the sheaf of wheat bound 'round him,
And his fingers stained with berries;
'Round his head the sheaf of wheaten,
And the stain upon his fingers.
And the feasting when 'twas over,
When the cider season ended;
Oh, it was enough to gladden
All who looked on, all who labored!
And it gladdened him, thy father,
As the venison did the prophet;
And he hoped to see the day come

When the people, for his cider,
Would abandon their Fire-Water
Which that Ishmaelite invented,
As if to destroy the people.
What I started—do thou finish;
Give no quarter to Fire-Water,
Eat not salt with his for ever—
Farewell! I must to my fathers.

Yester night I had a vision:
I, methought, was old and weary,
I was sent for from my fathers;
At the door-way stood the Angel
Ready sandalled to go with me
To the land of the Forever.

There the forests all are orchards,
And the orchards ever blossom,
Always blossoming, always bearing;
I may not unheed the vision:
Every Spring must have its Winter,
Every morning have its evening;
All must pay the debt of nature—
'Tis the sunset of my being.

In the uncompleted Circle*—

* The spirit of improvement has entirely swept away these once green and revered mounds; and the ploughman, as he drives his share through their consecrated ashes, is careless of the sacred nature of the spot, once

But not with tobacco, wampum,
Bow and arrows ; nor with hatchet,
Blanket, pemican and water,
As my father, he was buried—
But with symbols of the purer,
Purer faith, let me be buried.
Lay me—yet not lay me, set me,
Set me standing, facing eastward,
As I set my father's father ;
Like them, I would see the sun rise,
See that morning that she spake of,
See that morning—see it with her.
Flowers will still spring in your pathway,
And the birds sing in the branches—
They will bloom for Pah-ta-coo-chee,

bedewed with the scalding tears of Indian sorrow, and for the protection of which they would have laid down their lives.

The Tumuli near Sugar-Loaf Mountain, being a burial ground where only Chiefs and warriors were interred, embraces but thirty graves. At the time of the Revolution, each one was still green—mounds or pyramids of earth, heaped up like the covering of so many potato-holes.

Around each tumulus, there were pieces of split wood, set in the ground so close as almost to touch each other, and higher than a man's head.—*Vide Eager's Orange County.*

The spirit of improvement would seem to have reached the domain of Letters, as well : See Page 46 of the first Court of Record in 1705, in the first Capital punishment case at Orange town.

" Upon ye presentment of Coonradt Hanson, that George Jewell kept a dog which was injurious to many of the neighbors, it was ordered that the said Jewell should hang—said dog."

They will sing for Shooting Cedar ;
Wa-Wa-Wanda will not see them,
Wa-Wa-Wanda will not hear them,
Wa-Wa-Wanda will be distant.
Yet will not his eye be darkened,
Yet will not his ear be heavy :
In the land of the Forever,
In that land to which he journeys,
All is bloom, and all is music.
Give no quarter to Fire-Water,
Eat not salt with his forever—
Farewell ! Pah-ta-coo-chee, farewell !"

Bunch of Blossoms joined in, adding,
" My life's sands are run—I feel it,
Feel the silver cord is loosening,
Feel the golden bowl is breaking ;
Ere the pitcher it be broken,
Come and take thy mother's blessing."

Then he knelt him down beside her,
As in childhood knelt he nightly ;
And his mother raised her right hand,
On the head of Shooting Cedar,
Gently laid it, and addressed him :

" Pah-ta-coo-chee, Shooting Cedar,
Mourn not for thy mother's leaving ;
He who careth for his creatures,

Hears the ravens, clothes the lilies,
He will care for Shooting Cedar,
He will be to thee a Father.
Not as mine—thy mission ended:
There be wounds still bleeding—stanch them;
There are more who hunger—feed them;
Prop the weak and turn the erring.
Would'st thou save thy life?—then lose it;
Keep thy blade, the rust off?—use it;
And the cause thou knowest not—seek out;
Let the ear that hears thee, bless thee;
Be thou feet unto the halting,
Eyes and ears to those who have none.
Let the blessing of the perishing,
With thy Mother's come upon thee
Hark! it is the angels coming
To arrange my coronation,
To disrobe me—and then robe me:
I this day go in to see Him,*

* Sarah Bull, the original of Bunch of Blossoms, was born April 6, 1694—died April 21, 1796—age 102 years and 15 days. She lived to see, as her descendants, 12 children, 98 grandchildren, 212 great grand-children; and 13 great great grand-children—in all 335. God, in blessing her with many children, blest her with his ancient and early blessing; a case almost, if not quite, equalling that of the seventy-five souls that emigrated Egyptward, and in the fourth generation came back three million strong. There is one person living at this day who remembers at the age of six years, having seen Sarah, then hobbling her way down the hill of life.

See the King in all his beauty—
Farewell! Shooting Cedar, Farewell!"
As the swan's last note is sweetest,
When amid the reedy rivers
Pours it out its soul in dying;
As the scented shrub smells sweetest
When 'tis crushed—to Shooting Cedar
Seemed his Mother's words at parting;
As that swan's note, as that herb's scent,
Seemed his Mother's words at parting.

——o——

XVI.

WA-WA-WANDA'S DEATH.

Worn, wan, weak was Wa-Wa-Wanda,
Far off seemed to him the Orchard;
Dim of eye was Wa-Wa-Wanda,
Could not see the maples crimson,
(Sign that cycles the Cider Season;)
Dull of ear was Wa-Wa-Wanda,
Could not hear the apples dropping:
And the Winters, they seemed colder,
And he clung to Bunch of Blossoms,

Closer clung as it grew colder,
As in youth he clung—clung to her.
Oh, 'twas pleasant, thus to see them :
Steep life's hill to them had risen,
But together they had climbed it,
And together they came down it ;
At its foot to sleep together,
Sleep together at the bottom.
Death, as if for once relenting,
Bent his bow, and then unbent it ;
Went and stood far down the valley,
Hid himself behind his shadow :
Was it—he might aim the surer,
He, the very Chief of Archers,
He who never missed his target ?—
Only when of old, the Preacher,
Only when of old, the Prophet,
They escaped him—then He missed it.
Was it that the sight unnerved Him,
Of two hearts so close united,
In old age, so close united—
That the arrow would not steady ?
Could not one, without the other ?
Which so ever one he aimed at,
Came the other right between them,
Right between one and the arrow.

All at once, himself bethinking
Of the night when He should yield Him,
The destroyer be destroyed ;
He who dug the graves of millions,
In his turn should dig Himself one ;
Girding then his armour on Him,
Gently laid his hand upon them,
Gently took their garments off them,
Took their rags and wrinkles off them,
Through the pearly gates dismissed them.
Gradually as Autumn changes,
Changes all the fields and forests,
Turns their green to richest russet,
With its wind-hand, strips their leaves off,
Scatters them into the valleys,
Into every nook and corner ;
And so gradually, they know not
Till they feel the winter on them,
Moaning through their naked branches,
Through their leafless branches moaning ;
As the sun his garments gathers
'Round him when he sinks to westward ;
As a shock of corn is garnered,
In its season, fully ripened ;
As the apple drops when mellowed—
So their faces changed—and went they
To the land of the Forever.

XVII.

WA-WA-WANDA'S REQUIEM.

THEN the Orchards bowed obesiance,
Sighing throughout all its borders,
That a Prince that day had fallen ;
That the hand which them had grafted
Into being—now was lifeless.
And it cast its fruit—the Pippin,
Cast its fruit—the Crab, untimely,
As the fig doth, when the Siroc
Breathes its blastment through its branches.
But as if less sympathetic,
Changed the whip-poor-will, its singing,
Changed its notes from grief to gladness,
Saying, "There is naught can perish,
Death is nothing but the casting
Off the old bark for a new one :
From each stock, if it be lopped off,
Shoots another tree more thrifty ;
Draws its life-sap from the same root
That bespread with fruit the old tree ;
As the old tree in the young tree—
Wa-Wa Wanda is but lopped off
Lives again in Shooting Cedar."

Thus the whip-poor-will, the requiem,
Requiem sang of Wa-Wa-Wanda;
Not as one whose glorious beauty
Had become a fading flower
On the head of the fat valleys
Of such as old wine o'ercometh;
But as one whose name sufficeth
To adorn his country's annals;
As in days—so, old in honors,
With the dead—and yet immortal.
Just then, from its cerements bursting,
Flew a butterfly, and lighted
(The Vanessa Polochloros,)
On the grave of Bunch of Blossoms.
Such the fashion of its flying,
On its wing of velvet flying;
Such its poetry of motion—
All the air was stirred to music,
Which reduced to human measure,
Fell upon the ear as follows:

REQUIEM OF BUNCH OF BLOSSOMS.

"Withered flowers, are the flowers for me
They never can wither more;
And 'tis something, at least,
When the worst is past,
To know that it is o'er.

Wherefore we praise the dead
That are already dead,
Rather than them—
The living, who claim
Henceforth the tears we shed.

Oh, all that hath bloom or breath,
Whate'er their titles be,
Must let go their hold
On life, we are told—
So runneth the King's decree.

Therefore we mourn thee not,
Though Zephyr, as he goes
On his rounds at eve,
Be heard to grieve
When he misses his favorite rose.

What though no vernal morn
Renew thy roseate smile?—
Thou hast left the scent
Of a life well spent,
That shall hallow thy funeral pile.

So teach man how to die,
Or rather how to live;
That when his leaves fall,
Like fragrance shall
His decaying dust survive."

XVIII.

LEAFING OUT.

As the waves succeed each other,
So men in their generations ;
Ere the parent steps life's stage off,
Forward steps the child upon it :
Nature, like a nurse two-handed,
With one hand lays out the mother,
Rocks the infant with the other.

Though the name of Wa-Wa-Wanda
Ceased, and with it Bunch of Blossoms,
Still they lived in Shooting Cedar ;
All the courage of the father,
All the virtues of the mother :
So when sinks the sun to westward,
Lo the evening star appeareth !

As the lightning, as the thunder,
Tells the coming of the storm-king,
Ere the curtain's rising tells it—
So our Shooting Cedar shot up,
Could not hide the spirit in him—
It would flash out, it would break out.

Ere ten Winters had passed o'er him,
He could put his father's shoes on,

And could stand right straight up in them ;
And at twelve could stride as he could—
Tread right in his father's foot-steps.
He it was, invented snow-shoes ;*
Faster that the snow it deepened,
Faster could he travel on it,
With his snow-shoes rimmed and splinted,
Rim of oak-tree, splints of ash-tree,
Lashed with thongs to toe and ankle,
Thongs of eel-skin, or of wood-chuck ;
Not of seal-skin, not of horse-hair,
But of eelskin, or of wood-chuck.

* Before the country was cleared up, the winters were severer, and the snows deeper. Snow-shoes were even a necessity then. They were shad-shaped, about three and a half feet long, and one wide in the centre, suddenly rounding before, and gradually behind. All between the outside rim was woven of splints, only flat, and like basket work. Lashing each foot to one of these, the traveler could get about, and dig out the cattle when snowed under. The deeper the snow was, the faster could he travel on it.

XIX.

THE CHASE.

Long the lane that has no turning,
Rare the race without disaster;
Suns may rise, yet not set, cloudless,
Brightest morns ere noon be clouded—
Thus it chanced with Shooting Cedar:
One day when Aurora opened
Not as wide as wont, her portals,
And the Day-king, Phæton driving,
Ran against and brake the gate-posts,
Day of dash and dark disaster;
And with sun-dogs set, the heavens
Frowned affronted, scowled and scolded—
Orchard-ward went Shooting-Cedar.

"Evening red and morning grey,
Sets the traveler on his way;
Evening grey and morning red,
Brings down rain upon his head:"

Thus—it was Lagoochee—warned him,
From behind a hedge-row warned him;
But he heeded not the warning,
Nor the heavens gathering blackness.

All at once the spirit in him,
Blacker grew the heaven within him :
" What is that ?" he roared in anger,
" That has barked my choicest bearers,
Gnawed the bark thus off my young trees,
Not my old trees, but my young trees ?
'Tis the Lepus, (Leporidæ)
Brown in Autumn, white in Winter ;*
'Tis the Lepus, the white rabbit,
Which my father, over and over,
Bade me guard against in Winter !
By the life, (were he but living,)
Of my father, he shall suffer !
I will sharpen his incisors !
I will set his teeth on edge for him,
When I catch the creature at it !"
And he caught the creature at it,
And he chased him out the orchard
O the laddie that it led him !
Through the bogs and bushes led him—
Now on three legs, then on no legs !

* It may not be known to some younger readers, the caloric is inside of the furred animals. And as white is a non-conductor of heat, they are better protected from cold by their fur turning white as winter approaches ; a provision of nature that wonderfully illustrates God's care of his creatures. Linen, being a non-conductor of cold, affords protection from frost, to apples, that they would look to woolens in vain for.

Now he nears him, now he does not,
Runs him out of breath—and temper,
Roaring, "Varmint! O you varmint!
When I get you—I will have you!
Once up with you—I'll be up with you!"
Fleet of foot was Shooting Cedar,
Shedding yards like feathers 'hind him;
Soon he grabbed him—or he thought to—
Caught the tail,—but not its owner;
Came the tail off; lightened of it,
(Hence the race of short-tailed rabbits)
Fast and faster ran the rabbit,
And a brush-heap put between them;
Where't next dodged—*mirable dictu!*
Shooting Cedar lost the rabbit,
Caught a cold but not the rabbit.
Searching for it, next himself lost!
What is that fast falling round him?
Are their beds, the angels shaking,
And these be the feathers falling?
Or the Cygnets of the Ganges,
Cygnets of the Ganges falling?
Or the thistle downs which Autumn
Sent up, and are now descending,
As it were in showers of blossoms
When the winds are playing 'mong them?

Or is it the bees are swarming,
And their shards all turned to whiteness?—
No—it is not feathers falling,
Nor the thistle downs, nor cygnets,
Falling thick and fast around him,
Hiding all the paths and land-marks,
And all prospects, save the lorn one
Of a night spent in the forest.
'Tis the snow-flakes which he seeth,
'Tis a snow-storm that has set in;
Through the gorges of the mountains,
Sweeps it down in all its fury,
With its blinding force and fury—
Shooting Cedar must abide it.
Round and round he looks—but cannot
Find his rabbit—or his way back;
Gone the rabbit—gone the land-marks,
Gone is all save heart and courage.
Sweet the thoughts of home come o'er him,
Of the fire-light in his cabin,
And the friends and cheer around it:
Shall he look again upon them?
And he heard a hum of voices
Calling to him through the distance,
And the coldness set him dreaming:
Was he freezing, and the symptoms

Of his freezing, that strange dreaming?
Suddenly rousing, he his numb limbs
Rubbed and chafed, then stamped and shouted,
Like one out of sleep awaking,
Whom some thought, like wine, inflameth;
Called upon his father's spirit,
Thrust his hand into his pocket,
Pulled his knife out, and its edge felt,
(Blade with 'Barlow' brand upon it;)
Breathing on it, that it snap not,
Since frost tries the metals' temper,
As it often doth its owner's,
Or as danger does his powers,
Tests his spirit, tests his metal;
Then he cut three poles and sharped them,
Stuck two in the ground; the other,
Going forward where they pointed,
Stuck it as he did the first two;
And so on, each alternating,
Staked he out a bee-line homeward—
Going backward put him forward.
Strong his love of wild adventure;
Like a coal, it in his bosom
Kept the frost out, and he nursed it,
Gained his home, but not the rabbit:
Long the lane that has no turning,

Rare the race without disaster.
Yet dame Nature is no niggard:
Many a sun eclipsed has risen,
And though tempests veiled its noon-hour,
Gone down brightly to its setting;
And, until the seals be broken,
Seers alone can tell the future,
Future tell of Shooting Cedar.

—o—

XX.

BRANCHING OUT.

Fleet of foot was Shooting Cedar:
He could overtake his shadow,
And he taught the rest to do it;
Not by going Eastward could they,
But by going west, as he did,
And the sun, till Galileo,
At his peril blocked his wheels up;
Sent the earth revolving round him,
Strewing his pathway with the golden,
Golden dust of suns, he strewed it:
Had there been another like him,

They had each outrun the other.
And at fourteen, so precocious
Grew the youth, and tall of stature,
Not a man could stand before him;
Like the son of Kish, he taller
Than his brethren from the shoulder,
From his shoulder upward, taller;
Luckily his hat, that father
Bought it large for him to grow to't.
He it was, first taught with hazel—
Hazel switch to find where springs were,*
By its drooping when he passed o'er,
So the creatures could have water
Throughout all the drought of August.
He could tell, too, when 'twould shower,
By the sweating in the meadow
Of the stone hid in the grasses,
Though the sun be shining on it;
By the cloud at first no bigger
Than a man's hand in the South-West;

* This theory, however moderns view it askance, was credited in that day. And if that day has shaken off some of its crudities, so has it also some of its simplicities. By thrusting the end of a green willow or hazel branch into the ground, it was supposed to droop, if in the vicinity of water. As with the Patriarchs, so in that day, water, and where, and how to find it, was the great question. A well for which "they strove not," was of more account then than now.

And the cap on Butter Hill top ;*
By the rustling in the tree-tops,
And the bees all hurrying hive-ward,
And the birds all to their bushes,
And the beasts all to their burrows ;
By the squirrel, more nuts gathering,
He could tell if hard the Winter—
Hard the Winter which was coming.
Keen of scent was Shooting Cedar :
He could single out the bee-trees,
Tell a coon-tree from a bee-tree ;
Not a runaway swarm could pass him,†
That he could not find their quarters;
By the Hoopoe's aid would find it,‡

* The sign still holds good : not a day passes that a cloud caps that Highland Summit, it does not rain before sundown. One day it did seem as though the oracle would fail : in the morning it hung out its signal as usual—but no rain fell. Not a cloudlet even showed itself in the sky, and the sun was fast descending. But just as his lower limb touched the horizon, there was seen a small cloud, but little bigger than a man's hand, scudding on its errand. It approached—down fell the pearly drops—the sun set—the oracle was saved ! Altitude 1432 feet.

† Not always when swarming, would the dinging and banging of pans and platters prevent the bees from leaving the skip prepared for them, even though it have been well washed with salt and water, and rubbed with green walnut leaves. If they did not like their new home, they would vamose to parts unknown, despite the pans and platters.

‡ Wilson, the Ornitholigist, while assiguing this bird to South Africa, is not clear it is confined to that country. "The honey-loving natives," he says, "use the Hoopoe as their guide to the bees' quarters—following it as it follows the bees." [Vide Chambers' Zoology.]

Tracking that bird as it the bees tracked—
Secret, this, he told to no one,
Lest they fell them, lest they burn them,
"Lest," he said, "they find the bee-trees,
With their straw remorseless burn them."
Then he taught them all the secret—
Getting honey without killing,
Killing off the bees which made it,
Smothering them with sulphurous matches;
Relic of the barbarous ages,
When the State imprisoned the debtor,
All to help him pay the better;
Giving the bee-trees to the burning,
And the bee-hives to the sulphur;
O mysterious fate of virtue—
Man should thus requite their labors!
But what jewel wore she, ever,
That with more than Vandal fingers,
Sought he not to rob her of it?—
Shooting Cedar taught them better,
Saved the bees from smelling sulphur.
These, and many more such secrets,
Secret signs he taught the people,
All for love of the dear people;
Not that they should call him Prophet;
Yet they all would call him Prophet,

Would consult him on all matters,
Even to time of moon for 'planting,'
And the month and moon for 'grafting'—
Heeding not, his calling only
Was to grow, and make Sweet Cider
For the use of all the people.

Thus he grew to be a Prophet,
Wise—but not enough to know it;
And they said, "Another Delphos
Is this homestead where he dwelleth."
Now he never read the classics;
And 'twas well, for had he read them,
He had gone on wiser growing—
And what mother could have stopped him?

XXI.

BARREN BRANCHES.

But with all his craft and cunning,
One event he could not forecast,
Shooting Cedar could not forecast,
Though his horoscope he pointed,
Though his tripod oft he mounted,

Copious draughts of cider swallowed,
All to aid the inspiration.
As the Python did before him,
  False the first-come melon blossom,
Shades, as well as lights, to pictures;
And, alas! like all things human,
Shooting Cedar had one failing:
Not one *sou* cared he for woman;
All his soul was in his cider,
Where the Queen of Egypt's pearls were,
When she swallowed them—inside her.
  Only once more in his sack's mouth
Was that silver cup discovered;
Only one thing more he failed in,
Failed as often as he tried it—
When he took to making verses:
Came the sport—but not the verses,
Sport—not for himself—but others;
Once his harp, self-strung, awakened
When he touched it, and on this wise:

IMPROMPTU.

"O Power! thou hast a name,
  A name thou hast, and more,
    Canst forge the captive's chain,
    Or loose his bonds of pain,
  And open the prison door—
Long ring thy blest acclaim!

I had a dream so fine,
  As musing in my chair,
I watched the fire decline ;
  I sat—a Monarch there :
  All heads but mine were bare,
All eyes were turned to mine.

The brands came tumbling down,
  And one by one went out ;
They went out with a frown—
  Winked as they went, methought,
  As friends in adversity flee,
Whom better days had brought.

The chair-round in my hand,
  A royal sceptre seemed,
  As I dreamed, as I dreamed ;
  And the shout of a King,
  That painted, painted thing,
Rang in my ear so grand.

I sat in a palace hall :
  A warrant for the death
Of one who had fallen beneath—
(Less harming, he, that harmed
  For Want is a strong man armed—)
Was handed me withal :

I read—a moment read—
  And "pardoned," was the word
  (I wrote it with my sword)
  Which speedily restored
  To a starving wife her lord,
And downed that night my bed.

But what is life, at best,
What—but a night of dreams ?
The world—but one wide loom
Where busy Fancy seems
For ever weaving some
Some many-colored vest ?

Oh, then let me dream on
The live long, live long night !
If but the light which flashes
Be that raked from the ashes—
The ever kindling light
Of deeds of mercy done !"

Here his harp, its mainstring sundered,
At the vasty thought it sundered,
And it never could be mended ;
At the great big thought it sundered,
And it never could be mended.

Thus, nor Prophet he, nor Poet,
Simply he a Cider Maker,
As his father was before him,
Wishing the welfare of his people,
Feeling all the ills they suffered ;
With his cider sought to cure them,
Sought to cure them with his cider.

Large of heart was Shooting Cedar :
Bowels of compassion had he
For all children of misfortune ;

If one ran a thorn his foot in,
With his lips would he extract it,
With his cider-salve annoint it:
Medicine man, the Sachems called him,
Nalegak—the Esquimaux.

——o——

XXII.

LATERALS.

Grow no evergreens up single,
But in couples, if not clusters:
Shooting Cedar had a Sister.
As the aspen to the oak is,
So to him was Bough of Beauty;
Came no cloud 'cross his horizon,
That, bow-like, she did not span it.
As the wall-flower, unpretending,
Closer cleaves in time of flushing,
Bough of Beauty, wall-ward hanging,
Many a leaf put forth, and tendril,
Clung to him as to a column,
Round and round his heart entwining;
As a star upon his bosom,

Rose she on his heart's horizon,
Ever rising, never setting.
As around the Polar circle,
When the morning, long that lingered,
Rose, and went on rising, shining—
Rose that star upon his bosom,
Rose and shone that star resplendent.
As a jasper stone most precious,
Much he built his hopes upon it;
As the casket, was the jewel—
Bright the casket, bright the jewel;
As a gallery set with pictures,
Beamed the brow of Bough of Beauty.
Yet unlike that Polar shining,
Shone the orb of Bough of Beauty;
For to all eyes that was open,
She, to Shooting Cedar only.
As the violet, in the grasses
Seeks to hide away its sweetness,
Though that sweetness oft betray it;
As the peach, behind the foliage
Shrinks, to shun the sun's caresses,
While its blushing but betrays it—
So would Bough of Beauty hide her,
Hide her from the eyes of strangers,
That she might to Shooting Cedar
Beam the brighter, smell the sweeter.

XXIII

A DAY IN THE ORCHARD.

One day in the end of August,
Month when Draco or the Dragon,
The Meridian bestriding—
Elongates himself to northward,
Nine degrees and twenty northward;
And then thirteen more to westward,
Takes another twist, and downward
Slaps his tail of starry spangles
In the face of Ursa Major—
Walking orchard-ward, and musing,
"What means this?" asked Shooting Cedar,
Muttering to himself, he asked it,
As a pippin prematurely
Dropped upon the ground beside him.
Then the Spirit of the Orchard,
Answer made to Shooting Cedar,
Sad and solemn was its answer;
"In that apple see a symbol
Of the frequent lot of mortals:
Grows man's gourd up in the morning,
And, or ever 'tis noon, it withers;
At its root the worm it gnaweth.

As that worm at its core gnaweth,
At his heart's core gnaws the grave-worm;
And he ripens prematurely,
Ground-ward falls, as falls the apple.
Gnawed it thus when Ellen withered;
In her youth and beauty withered;
At whose heart's core, gnawing, gnawing,
Hung the leaden weight of sorrow—
His the sinning, hers the sorrow."
Then it was, that, all indignant,
Shooting Cedar stamped and shouted,
"Ho, ye old men! ho, ye young men!
Who for profit or for pleasure,
Sow the seeds of sin and suffering,
Seeds of sickness, shame and sorrow—
As ye've sowed, so shall ye reap them,
Thorns and thistles—ye shall reap them!"
Then he held up to their faces,
As it were a magic mirror,
In which each himself reflected,
Each one saw himself reflected;
Sought themselves to fly, but could not;
Turn which way they would, before them,
Pale and languid stared those faces;
Heard from bloodless lips reproaches,
Clasped the clay-cold hand and clammy,

Felt a body bound about them;
And which way soe'er they wandered,
With them went that bloodless body,
With them sat, and walked, and feasted,
Mingled every cup they tasted;
And a voice sepulchral whispered,
Ever and anon that whispered,
"As your sowing—so your reaping,
Thorns and thistles be your harvest!"
'Twas the gnawing in his bosom—
Ralph's, the sorrow now,—as sinning.
Fell Remorse, of Guilt begotten,
How with scorpion sting it lashes!
Conscience! O thou bold accuser!
Like a viper at the vitals,
How thy teeth are set for gnawing!
How thou shakest the soul, its pillars!
Making all the house to tremble!—
'Scape thee, Ralph! if yet thou mayest—
Shooting Cedar on thy trail is!
When they heard that, they repented,
Threw their gains down and repented.
Thus, as bidden of his mother,
He avenged the wronged, the injured,
Propped the weak, rebuked the erring.
Once again, what time the nation

Well nigh split itself to flinders,
Well nigh went out of existence,
When its life hung in the balance,
When it trembled in the balance—
Shooting Cedar flew to save it,
Leaped into the scale and saved it.
Many more such acts, and mighty,
In his day did Shooting Cedar;
Acts, which, were each one a pippin,
And each pippin ground to cider—
Not the trees of all the forests
Would suffice for staves for barrels
For the cider running from them:
Distant far, the day, more distant,
Ere it chronicle such another,
Such a Cedar, tall and stately,
Earthward rooting, heavenward shooting—
All the courage of the father,
All the virtues of the mother."

Here the Piper paused, regretting
He no son had to succeed him,
Share his name and fame and fortune.
Something, too, the Piper muttered
Of the want of octaves higher—

When in grandeur grew his subject,
When his subject grew in grandeur;
Something, too, of want of practice;
Had such theme his powers challenged
In his palmier days now bygone,
He had struck a higher key-note,
He had blown them stronger, better.
Then they soothed and praised the Piper,
Pledged him in a cup of cider,
And sat down to hear the sequel.
As a bark when heavily laden,
But not water-logged, it labors—
But when lightened of its burden,
Bounds it lightly o'er the waters;
Or as bubbles sail the current,
Light as the heart that leaps to see them—
So the Piper, cheered and rested,
Struck up to a merrier measure,
And went on in words as follows:

XXIV.

INDIAN DIVINITY.

"Two small grey eyes had Lagoochee,
And a dapper little body
Which changed color with the season,
Grey in Summer, brown in Autumn;
Often from behind the hemlocks,
Oftener from behind the hedges,
Might you spy his twinkling two eyes,
Might you hear his gybes and giggle.

Many a prank he played the people,
Many the laddies that he led them:
Grew the corn its leaves all twisted?
Ran it more to stalk than seed-ears?
Less to seed-ears than to nubbins?
Or the apples rotted early?
Or the cider soured in Summer?—
They would lay it to Lagoochee,
He so full of fun and frolick,

Saying, "'Tis Lagoochee's capers,
He has got a grudge against us—
See his foot-prints in the cornfield,
See his tooth-marks in the Orchard,
Hear his laugh behind the hedges:"

All the mishaps, all the mischief,
Would they credit to Lagoochee,
With his face of fun and frolic—
Face of fuz, as fun and frolick.
If the grafts they did not take well,
Or some apple-tree ceased its bearing—
"'Tis Lagoochee," they would cry out,
"He is paying us off for felling
Of his forests, and not leaving
Here and there some trees remaining,
Or we did not heed the counsels
That he gave to Wa-Wa-Wanda:
Said he not that if we fell out,
He would come and blight the blossoms?"
So they punished not Lagoochee,
Punished not the good Lagoochee;
For despite his gybes and capers,
Carried he a heart of kindness—
Heart of kindness had Lagoochee.
Now no certain shape or color,
Shape or color had Lagoochee—
Had a heart, but had no color:
If pursued, and well nigh taken,
Suddenly would the urchin vanish,
Turn himself into a pine knot,
Or a bunch of moss, it may be,

From some punky log protruding,
Or some gnarled oak excrescent;
When thus hiding, few could find him,
Such as saw him, knew not 'twas him;
Save his two eyes, they would twinkle,
Hide, or not hide—twinkle, twinkle.

Oft the young folks homeward wending,
Through the opening, the oak opening,
At the witching hour of twilight,
At the solemn hour of gloaming—
If they saw the fire-flies flashing,
Or some old log phosphorescent,
Firing up amid the darkness,
They would cry out, "'Tis Lagoochee;
Let us chase the mischief out him,
Let us find out where his strength is!
Where his home is, where his strength is!"

Once the children chased the urchin,
Through the piny barrens chased him,
When he ran a thorn his foot in;
Screaming with the pain that plagued him,
Twisting himself into contortions,
Rolling on the ground in anguish—
All their mirth was turned to pity.

Hearing that cry of anguish ringing
Through the distance from the forest,

Shooting Cedar sprang to aid him,
Took the path that threads the pinery,
And, or ever the sun was risen,
He was at his side—had drawn it,
Drawn the thorn, the urchin's foot out.
As the plant repays its culture;
As the hand that smoothes another's,
Scatters roses in its own path—
So Lagoochee, he rewarded
Well that act of Shooting Cedar:
"Pah-ta-coo-chee!" said Lagoochee,
"Thou art worthy of thy father,
I will straight requite thy kindness:
I will dull no more thy axe's edge,
I will stunt no more thy corn crops,
I will dwarf no more thy fruit trees."
Then into his ear he whispered—
What was whispered, was not written:
As the morning gilds the hill-tops,
Flashed that secret's light across him,
'Cross the top of Shooting Cedar.
Much the young folks watched and wondered,
When they saw the whisking, whispering;
"Was it," they asked, "the art of pruning,
Or preparing the pippin pumace?"
Close he locked it in his bosom,

In his bosom closely locked it;
Yet it leaked out: is its record
Not well written in the mending
Of the manners of the people,
Of the people's minds and manners?
In the greater growth of Orchards?
And the art of—hear, oh hear it!
Saving cider sweet through summer?
Thus, as from one single seed sown,
Springs, if care be had, a harvest;
Or from but one nursery planted,
Comes a country full of Orchards;
Or the mirror, it be shivered
Into fragments, every fragment
Truthfully repeats the image,
Multiplies *ad infinitum.;*
So each act of Shooting Cedar,
By Lagoochee reproduced was,
Reproduced was by Lagoochee.
Once the precious box be broken,
All the perfume share; who pours it—
Hers, as his, whose head 'tis poured on!

XXV.

APPLE-PARING:

OR, FRONTIER FASHIONS.

YEARLY as the apples mellowed,
Would Lagoochee call together
All the young men, all the maidens,
First at this house, then at that house,
To the Apple-Cut, or Paring.*
Poor the people, lean the larder,
When such forage was not laid in:
Sauce for roasted rib, nor rabbit,
Could be had without dried apples.
In the kitchens of their castles,
(Of their cedar-raftered cabins,)
Would they meet of Autumn evenings:

* To lighten the burden, it was the custom in that day, of *life in the bush*, when apple-drying came, for each family having an orchard, to invite their neighbors to help them; connecting innocent amusements therewith, to make the task pleasanter. They were to take an early supper and go, carrying their own candle. They were to assemble at early candle-light, and not at ten o'clock, in order to a sensation. What would a bevy of modern demoiselles think, assembled on invitation, to have the hostess *sans ceremonie* thrust a dull case knife, and wooden tray at each one as they entered, and her lusty sons throw down at their feet a two bushel basket of apples to be peeled?

"Will you *pare?* or will you *quarter?*
Will you *core?* or will you *string* them?"
Would the hostess ask of each one.
Then in circles would they sit down;
If a fair one without breaking,
Threw her paring *a-la-garland*
'Round the neck of—but no matter
Which of all the young men present—
Then they clapped their hands and shouted,
"She shall have him for a partner
In the dance, when comes the dancing;
She shall have him for her lover,
He shall from the wolf protect her,
When, for home, she leaves the cabin."
Thus in turn each frontier maiden,
Nightly 'gainst the wolf her shield had;
For they all were skilled at throwing
Spells, or parings, 'round the young men;
Saving—as with heir-loom treasures*
Some are better kept than others—
So, the *fairer* was the maiden,

* A descendant of the First Settler has among his heir-loom treasures, two which he counts his crown jewels, to wit; one of the foundation stones of the first rude cabin, and one of the few silver tea-spoons used on the occasion of the first supper eaten in it. The stone is a hornblende—fourteen parts lime, nineteen magnesia, twelve allumina, forty eight Sillica.

Better was the wolf kept from her ;
Weaker that her heart was—*stronger*
Was the arm that was around her ;
But as each one, fair as *fat*, was,
Wolf grew nightly *lean* and *leaner*.

Much Lagoochee it delighted
(Always full of fun and frolic)
Thus to see them aid each other ;
But 'twas for the poor among them,
For the poor his heart beat warmest :
Often would he charge them, saying,
" Those that grow upon the top-most,
Topmost boughs, or outer branches—
Leave them for the poor among you ;
Let them glean them, for they need them."

Farthest way round, surest way home :
When the harvest moon was rising,
Oft they lingered, oft they loitered,
Loitered in the tender star-light ;
He was lonely, she was lovely ;
He was brave, and she was beauteous ;
And the wolf, he might be prowling—
Woman needed man's protection.

As the ocean mounts to meet it,
When the moon is bending over—
Heaved the maiden's bosom strangely,

At the logic of the lover.
As some new song set to music,
If it please us, we encore it;
So the Fair one—but by words less
Than by looks—would say, "Repeat it."
As the minstrel, when his music
Pleases, lengthens out his chorus;
So the lover, what was music
To his listener, kept repeating,
Till the music-loving Fair One
Learned to sing as well as he could.

Ye who have seen by night two dew-drops
On the Cactus Grandiflorus,
Or Mimosa Nilotica,
Shine and swell, then run together,
Undividable thenceforward;
Ye who have seen two hearts dissolving
One-ward in the tender star-light:
Ye who have been to Apple Parings,
Seen the pairing of the parers
When the Apple-Cut was over;
Ye have seen it—ye have seen it,
Seen that moon, her silver arrows
Shooting, as they journeyed homeward,
Round them shooting, past them, through them—
Heard the music, heard the chorus.

Many a secret, would she tell it,
Could the Moon tell of night-walking;
Young men vowing, maidens listening,
And the hap that comes of vowing,
And the graver hap of listening—
All by way of keeping wolves off.

——o——

XXVI.

A DAY ON THE PRAIRIES;

OR, FIRE FIGHTING.

Every marble block hath in it,
Hath a perfect statue in it—
How to get it out, the question,
Get it out, the only question;
Shooting Cedar had his instincts,
Had his instincts—and he used them,
Used them as the stag his antlers.
Though his did but bud, the first year,
Grew each bud to prongs, the second:
What his father got by study,
Got the son by intuition.

Westward went he once, prospecting
Prairie lands to plant new Orchards:
What is that on the horizon,
Far to west-ward yet approaching
Nearer, nearer, and yet nearer;
As an army with its banners,
As the banners of an army?
Is it, that the sun, retiring,
Went to sleep and left his candle,
Slept and left his candle burning?
And it caught the chamber-curtains,
Caught and set them all a-blazing?
And are these the fiery columns,
Glaring luridly at each other;
At each other fiercely glaring,
As if giants, each, contending,
For the mastery contending,
And would each devour the other,
Only that they are immortal?
Or is it on fire, the ocean,
And it be its waves he heareth,
Fiery billows that he heareth,
Breaking beach-ward, near and nearer?
No—'tis not the sun his candle
Set on fire his chamber-curtains;—
No—'tis not on fire, the ocean,
And its hot breath shore-ward scorching;

But as high as are the heavens,
And as boundless as that ocean,
Are the prairies all around him—
And on fire, are all the prairies,
Nearer coming and yet nearer ;
(Hence our pleasant Indian Summers,
This the first of Indian Summers.)
Their's the lurid lights he seeth,
Their's the raging that he heareth,
Their's the hot breath that he sniffeth :
Shooting Cedar may not linger,
Yet 'twere death to fly, or tarry.
Now his instincts, will they save him ?
All unmoved he stands before it,
Not a muscle moves, nor trembles,
Suffers not a joint to tremble ;
Though the crackling and the hissing,
As it were of thorns and serpents ;
As of thorns, it were, the cracking,
As of serpents, 'twere, the hissing.
Now along the ground it runneth,
Now against the heavens leapeth ;
Fly for life, the prairie chicken,
Rush for life, the frightened bison,
Adding thunder to the thunder,
To the thunder of the roaring
Of the firey rolling billows.

Vain the flight of prairie chicken,
Vain the stampede of the bison,
And the overtaken hunter,
Though for dear life speeds his courser ;
Lash and spur—what need of either ?
There be rowels sharper, fiercer,
In the forked tongues, and firey,
Of the hissing hounds to heel-ward :
Were there but in front, a river—
Oh, an Earldom for a river !
And he could but put it 'twixt them,
'Twixt him put it, and the burning—
Oh, an Earldom for a river !
Haste thee, Hunter ! so thou hast not
Hereto, made thy peace with Heaven ;
Rescue—there be none to rescue—
Haste and make thy peace with Heaven !
There are seasons when to mortals
Ages seem to shrink to moments ;
Season, such, this to the hunter ;
Wildly speeds its way, his courser ;
But in vain—for when did ever
Steed of fire the lists once enter,
Lightning-shod, on prairie race-course,
That it did not win the wager,
Out run every thing before it ?

As at straws do catch the drowning,
Fires his carbine, now, the Hunter;
Like a signal gun to sea-ward,
Boometh it across the prairie!
Fired again—it was his last one:
As the goodly ship, it goes down
When its signals they avail not,
Signals of distress avail not;
So one scream—and all was over
With the Hunter and his courser!
Shooting Cedar may not linger:
Taking out his box of tinder,*
Sets on fire the grass beneath him;
Slowly first, and then less slowly,
In a circle soon then widening,
Clear it leaves the ground around him,
Black and scathed—but clear around him.
'Diamond cut diamond!' said Shooting Cedar;
'Fire this day shall feed on fire!'
Eastward sweeps the conflagration;
As with tongues of flame up-licking,
Dry, or verdant, all before it;
Westward sweeps the fire *he* kindled,

* By kindling a fire in the dry grass at one's feet, a circle is soon cleared; and burning gradually away from him, it burns harmlessly. When the tongues of the larger fire reach the widening circle,—a charmed circle—they have no more to lick up—and the traveler is safe.

Meet they—and put out each other!
So the prairie of the bosom—
When the fuel is exhausted,
Or it be no longer piled on—
Then the fire of passion ceaseth.
Oh, the prairie of the bosom!
Oh, the fire too oft that scathes it!
And how small the spark, sufficeth,
Serves to set it all a-blazing!
Shooting Cedar—how he quenched it!
Only once, and then not loudly,
Called he on his father's spirit;
Shooting Cedar had his instincts,
Had his instincts, and he used them.

——o——

XXVII.

REMINISCENCE.

In the days while yet his father
And his mother with him lingered—
One day going through his Orchard,
Singing, as the trees he counted:
"Bright the angels—but not when in,

In the dust their wings they trail them ;
Fair is woman's eye—when clearly
Heaven we see reflected in it ;"
As he went on singing thus wise,
Suddenly flew up an eagle ;
'Round and 'round, it flew and fluttered ;
Still gyrating as it went up,
Soon there fell some feathers from it,
One, with drops of blood upon it,
Last, and with it the solution—
Dropped a ferret, a gorged ferret !
When the eagle swooped it earthward,
Then it was, the ferret caught it ;
When the noble bird ascended,
Then appeared the creature clinging.
Soon the eagle's eye grew dizzy,
And his pinions grew unsteady ;
And he fell ! and as he came down,
Shooting Cedar groaned in spirit,
Saying, " In thee I see my Country,
Thou'rt indeed my Country's symbol,
In thy rising—in thy falling ;
Born for heaven's pathways only,
Yet with wing the earth aye shading—
O my Country ! O my Country !
At thy throat the ferret clingeth :

Thou hast stooped ! and now thy greatness
Is defiled—defiled thy greatness !
When it went abroad, thy beauty—
The renown of all thy beauty
Went abroad among the nations,
And they came to do thee honor,
(O, the fatal gift of Beauty !)
Thou wast flattered—and thou fellest !
Who shall mourn for thee—my country ?
For of all thy boasted lovers,
Few remain to do thee reverence—
None remain !" and here his big heart
Burst asunder with its great grief,
With its great grief, burst asunder !
And it ceased to run, the cider ;
Ran the tears—but not the cider,
Came the birds no more to concert,
Came the beasts no more to wonder ;
And the darkness hid the sunshine,
And the music ceased its charming—
Silence set his seal upon it,
Set his great black seal upon it !
And the trees forgot to blossom,
In the Spring forgot to blossom,
Put it off until the Autumn ;
And the Autumn put on mourning,

Put the blossoms off for mourning.
But the Whip-poor-will kept singing,
Sang with an unusual sorrow—
Every night-fall you might hear him.
Listening to that night-bird's singing,
At the door-sill, sad and lonely,
Sat the father, Wa-Wa-Wanda,
Sat the mother, Bunch of Blossoms;
In the twilight sat to hear him,
Hour when grief it hangs the heaviest:
Old age bowed their heads together,
Age, their heads—and grief, their bosoms;
Greater grief than Agamemnon's,
At their heart-strings each, was pulling.
All at once the cloud departed,
And the sunshine chased the shadows,
Chased them down into the valleys;
All at once the Orchards blossomed,
Blossomed twice, and took to bearing;
And the cider started running,
Like the brooks when Spring unlocks them,
Leaping, laughing in the spring-time;
For, like Phœnix from his ashes,
Shooting Cedar from his pumace,
Rose to life, and set the Cider
Running out for all the people.

'Twas Lagoochee that revived him,
For the love he bore his father,
For the love he bore the people,
For the love they bore Lagoochee."

Here again the Piper rested,
Shook his grey locks, held his breath in,
While a shade his brow passed over,
(So the cloud when scudding past it,
Casts its shadow on the hill-side ;)
Drew a long breath, as if suddenly
In his pathway rose a barrier,
And there was no way around it ;
All the past, such pleasant sailing,
All the future, dark and dangerous.
So the Sailor,—when he makes them,
Makes the *Terra Del Fuego*,
On whose bosom—the Pacific—
He had logged thus far, and safely,
If he hears a-head, the Breakers—
Braces back his yards, and claws off,
Would, but may not, yield the helm.
Death is Death, what form soever,
Whatsoever form He take on ;
But, as King of Terrors, most so

When upon the field ensanguined,
On the foughten field we meet Him;
Where 'mid battle's din, and garments
Rolled in blood, go down whole squadrons,
Go down to the cry of "Quarter!"
Yet where leads the Muse, the Minstrel,
Must he follow, though with trembling;
And obedient to the vision,
And the theme his soul enkindling,
Went the Piper on as follows:

——o——

XXVIII.

FALL OF SHOOTING CEDAR.

"Set the sun, as he afore time
In the valley of Wyoming,
Set him—set as if in trouble;
Yet no fears disturb the sleepers,
In their several hamlets sleeping;
Sleeps the mother, sleeps the infant,
All is dark and all is silent.
Hark! what is it breaks the stillness?
'Tis the war-whoop breaks the silence;

What is that outshines the candle?
'Tis the light of burning dwellings,
O'er their heads, their dwellings burning.
Rush the strong men from their door-ways,
Rush they out into the darkness.
Gone the foe, but not unladen,
Rings the war-cry, sounds the bugle,
And obedient to the summons,
March the White-Skins to the rescue.
Like a cloud along the river,
In a line along the hill-side,
Skirted by a wood-land yonder,
And in single file the Red-Skins—
See them with their spoils retreating;
See, O sight to blind a mother!
See her infant's scalp-locks hanging;
Flaxen locks with long hairs hoary,
At the Indians' sides hang gory.
But what debt of vengeance, ever
Owed the Indian, that he paid not?
And the interest—oh the interest,
When it comes, the day of reck'ning!
At the sight, they hold a council,
Counsel when they see their war-gear.
Wisdom dwells with Prudence: Meeker!
There be those dispraise thy prudence,

Though thy valor, none dispraise it,
For thy death was not inglorious.
When his sword he flourished, shouting,
"Let the brave men mount and follow,
And return home, the faint-hearted!"
Then they all the line of march took.
But the ambush! Oh the ambush!
See! the Chief of the Six-Nations,
Conestoge, Brandt the crafty,
Brandt the wily, the strategic,
In array has set the battle;
Hangs cloud-like, upon our rear-ward,
In array has set the battle.
As his sense of wrong, his weapon,—
Sharp his scalp-knife, sure his arrow,
At his back his bow and quiver,
On his face and hands, the war-paint.
Wrongs of years compressed to moments,
In a moment balanced, cancelled;
See it in his eye of lightning,
Hear it in his voice of thunder!
Quail a moment, and then rally,
Quail and rally, the Pale-Faces,
Saying, "He has come—the Monster,
Brandt the Monster is upon us!"
Hark! it is his war-whoop soundeth,

And the storm in all its fury,
Bursts the storm in force and fury.
First an arrow, then another,
Then another, and another,
Till the air is dark with arrows;
Then the sharp crack of the rifle,
Volley answers back to volley,
And the soldiers' jackets redden
At the touch of—of the leaden.
But their aim is true and steady,
And a score of bows drop empty,
For the want of hands to bend them,
For the hands are stiff that bent them.
Hides behind each tree a foeman,
Wild eyes glare from out the bushes.
Wavers now, the savage phalaux,
But above the din and shouting,
'Bove the shouting of the captains,
And the neighing and the prancing
Of the chargers in the conflict,—
Rings the voice of Conestoge,
And he turns the tide of battle;
He who came from Mamakating
As the avalanche from the mountain
As the thunder-bolt descending;
All the fierceness of the tiger,
All the fox's craft and cunning—

And he turns the tide of battle.
He advancing holds before him,
Holds a captive child before him.
"Fire!" he cries; "Oh, father save me,
Save me, father!" cries the captive.
Stayed at once an hundred bullets
Else had told their fatal errand!
"Father, save me!" sight, oh maddening!
But that father's ear is heavy,
Cold in death, that father lieth!
Spared the father, sight so maddening,
Mete the fates that mercy to him.
But the mother, wild and frantic,
Mourns her lost child, dreams of pine-knots,
Dreams of helplessness and torture,
As they bear him to the bushes
'Midst his struggling, and the stretching
Out of arms for aid that comes not.
'Twixt two rocks collect the wounded;
Whose that form low bending o'er them?
Tusten's—the beloved Physician!
His the feet that from yon fountain
Water brings to bathe their temples,
Bathe their feverish lips and temples;
His the hand that binds their wounds up,
For the dying smoothes the pillow,
Smoothes the pillow for the dying.

"Tusten, fly! for safety fly thee!
Wet once more our lips—then fly thee;
We must perish—thou mayest save thee;
While thou mayest—fly and save thee!"
But he answered, he the Hero,
"God do so to me, and more so,
If ought else than death divide us!"
Actions of the just smell sweetly,
When in dust of death they blossom.

Sounds the charge! and on the column
Dashes as the wild tornado;
But a wilder sweeps to meet it:
Tusten bites the dust—and Wisner;
And like them, transfixed with arrows,
Falls to rise not—Shooting Cedar!
But not till there lie around him,
Lie in heaps his foes around him.

Minisink! thy ground is holy!
Pilgrims to thy shrine approaching,
From their feet shall take their shoes off.

Lackawack! in song as story,
Hence, as points the star to glory,
On the patriot's path to glory—
Thou shalt live when kingdoms crumble.

Warwick! who shall mourn thy fallen?
In the same day made to know both
Widow-hood and loss of children!

Tusten! flower of Goshen chivalry;
'Round thine urn the good shall gather,
Shall the good of ages gather,
Not at night and morning only:
Rapt, and kneeling there beside it,
And with dewy eye, Sweet Pity
Gazes silent up the heavens!
Mourn the Graces—mourn the Virtues,
Weep the Virtues—weep the Graces.
Thus much bids the Muse embalm thee,
Tardily though comes her bidding.

Dartmouth! where thy boasted learning?
But what art may tame the tiger,
Or unteach the fox his cunning?
Harbored'st whom, thine *Alma Mater?*
Not a lamb, but *wolf*, her bosom!
Labored'st—and brought'st forth a Monster,
He who on the fold at midnight,
Broke in on the fold at sleep-hour;
His the torch, Wyoming lighted,
His the scalp-knife, keen and cruel.

And the name of Shooting Cedar
Passed into his country's legends,
As his parents' had before it;
Theirs in Peace passed, his in War went,
Midst the noise and smoke of battle.

'Round it, pleasant memories clustered
As the ivy 'round old columns;
All that's manly, all that's lovely,
Truth in man, or love in woman.
Birds of passage bore it with them,
In the Great Bear's ear they sung it,
On the Southern Cross they hung it;
Grinned the Northern Bear, to hear it,
Smiled the Southern Cross responsive;
Mothers to their children taught it,
Children in their gardens sowed it,
And the stars looked down and read it;
Traced it on the beach the sailor,
Bade the billows break not o'er it;
And the billows they obeyed him—
Curbed his mane, the Seventh Billow;*

* In the battle between Terra and Aqua, the latter, after six repulses rested, and then rallying all her strength for one grand assault, threw herself upon the former's front with great fury. Even since has she been vainly endeavoring to wash out on the beach, the record of his success and her defeat, overleaping the constantly shifting boundary line every seventh turn, but losing ground at each. The encroachments of the land upon the sea, may be noticed in more places than on the Syrian coast, where a wide space now appears between Beirut and the sea, where formerly there was none, and the Delta below New Orleans.

The seventh wave, so much larger than the rest, might be taken to represent the undying, unyielding, ever restless nature of the water-spirit, that would still do battle as long as any part of its watery realm remaineth; like the prisoner lurching against the sides of his prison house, while every effort to beat down its walls, only walls him in all

And that it remain immortal,
Into immortality anchor,—
Neptune moored a sand-bar near it;
Arched its neck, the great Big Billow!
And the Wall-Kill, as it rushed on,
Paused to murmur "Wa-Wa-Wanda,"
Sweetly whispered "Bunch of Blossoms,"
And as proudly—"Shooting Cedar."

—o—

EPILOGUE.

Ye who look upon this picture,
First on this side, then on that side;
And who think ye, in these symbols,
See the curse, and see the blessing—
Blessing of a life of Virtue,
And the curse on Vice that waiteth—
Ponder on this song of Orchards.
Ye who crossing life's Sahara,
Felt the Simoon hand you over
To the fever, thirst and fever;

the higher; every essay to unloose his chains, only riveting them the tighter. This phenomenon of the seventh wave is best seen beyond the tropic of Capricorn. There, the Albatross (of the family *Laridæ*) treads the water, and as the seventh wave comes rolling in, mounts its crest, the better to descend upon the flying-fish on which it feeds.

And as life was in departing,
Right before you (as to Hagar
When midst Edom's sands she fainted)
Gushed there up—till then despaired of,
And unseen, but for the angel
That unsealed it—some cool fountain;
And ye drank the sparkling waters,
Drank, and drove away the fever—
Ponder on this Song of Orchards.

Ye who, looking down Time's vista,
May have traced two lines diverging
From a point, until they widened
Far apart as Hell from Heaven;
Ye who walked with Wa-Wa-Wanda
On his rounds among his people,
Saw how beauteous on the hill-tops,
Were the feet of Bunch of Blossoms;
He, an Evergreen on the war-path,
She, a rising Star of Beauty;
Saw how Bunch of Blossoms' counsels
Shaped the life of Shooting Cedar,
Made him tall of mind as stature,
Shod his feet with skins of badger,
Helmeted his head in battle,
And his loins begirt about him—
Gold the clasp, whate'er the girdle—
Ponder on this song of Orchards,

On this song of Orchards ponder.
Ye who watched as well, the inglorious
End of such as with Fire-Water,
At the wine-cup loved to tarry,
Loved to tarry at the wine-cup,
Though each draught but fed the fever;
With the eagle loved to swoop it,
Though the ferret drank the life's-blood,
With caresses plied the adder,
Though it was to perish by it;
Ye who look upon this picture
From the wall of memory hanging,
From the wainscot looking at you,
Ponder on the song we sang you,
On the moral it containeth.

NOTE.—Joseph Brandt, a Half-Breed, and relative of Sir William Johnson, was early placed in Dartmouth College, where, receiving many kind attentions and possessing great powers, he gained a good education. But he went wild again. Thus was he dandled on the knees and sucked the breasts of that Mother whose sons and daughters British cruelty commissioned him to massacre. The ferocity of his savage nature was not tamed by education. In him, the blood of the barbarian quenched every spark of civilization that might have been kindled. He was more cunning than the fox, and fiercer than the tiger. With 300 of his painted warriors and 200 Tories, he set out from Niagara, June, 1779, to fall upon our frontiers. In July they appeared like a dark cloud on the mountain tops of Minisink, ready to burst into the valley in thunder and lightning, tempest and hail. It is he whom Campbell, in his "Gertrude of Wyoming," styles "the Monster Brandt"—the leader in that dreadful massacre which desolated the fair Valley of Wyoming in the Autumn of 1778. The Battle of Minisink, fought July 22d, 1779.—*See Dr. Wilson's Address.*

XXIX.

FADING OF BOUGH OF BEAUTY.

Why was mine the Piper's portion,
Why was mine the Minstrel's mission,
At the Muse's beck to follow,
It may be to close in sadness
Suddenly, strains begun in gladness?
Bough of Beauty—such no longer—
Who shall sing the death thou diedst?
Sing thy fading, sing thy fainting,
Sing the double death thou diedst?
If an archer shoot an arrow
At a vulture's nest, and woundeth,
It may be a dove within it,
And a tear bespeak his sorrow;
If to see his seedling perish,
Wring the gardener's heart with anguish;
If a sigh escape the ploughman,
Turning but a daisy under—
How shall bard without emotion,
Sing the death of Bough of Beauty?
Bough of Beauty—such no longer—
Time hath wrought so hardly with her,

Yet not on her heart wrought hardly ;
That, no change could know, nor wrinkle,
Age but swelled its store of juices,
In life's winter greenest growing :
So the tree when Winter seres it,
Seres its leaflets, seres its branches—
Root-ward gathers back its juices,
Back its juices gathers root-ward ;
Less it boasts of outward flourish,
Greener at its heart it groweth ;
Till some vernal morn renew it,
And it dons its robe of beauty
Wears again its robe of beauty :
Down the Otterkill descending,
Down to where its widening waters,
Disembogueing, take a new name—
Thither leads the Muse historic,
Tells the story of the slaughter,
Since which, yearly runs the current,
Runs in crimson to the river,
Crimson all the time of harvest.
On its banks lived Bough of Beauty,
Bough of Beauty and Naoman,
He, Naoman, friend of white men ;
Bough of Beauty with her husband,
Old Naoman, childless, wifeless ;
On its southern bank, her cabin,

On its northern bank, Naoman's.
In the pleasant Autumn season,
When their cabin fires they kindled,
Oft their chimneys' smoke, ascending,
Would they join and rise together :
As that smoke, their prayers ascended—
Incense to the same Great Spirit.
Often in the Summer twilight,
Would the Indian, Old Naoman,
Come to learn of Bough of Beauty
Learn of her and of her husband,
Of the Good and Gracious Spirit.
And she told him of the Prophets,
And the promise (peace and pardon)
Peace the fruit of tree of pardon ;
Of the Altar, Priest and Victim ;
Told him of the Son of Mary,
Him the Altar, Priest and Victim.
What has stirred the hive, that vengeful
Thus the swarm abroad comes flying ?
All the warriors meet in Council,
Leave off trapping of the otter,
Seek in haste their seats in Council.
There the hatchet they unbury,
Brief their words,—as briefly spoken :
" White man has of late, two faces.
White man's heart is black within him.

Though the sun rise, not a Pale Face
Shall remain alive to see it!"
When the lightning blasts the big oak,
Spares it not the youthful sapling?
But when fellers come against it,
With their axes hew the forest,
Cleave the forest with their axes—
Many a goodly bough, and sapling,
Falls before them, cleft remorseless;
Falls the old trunk, leafless, limbless,
Falls the young tree, green and tender:
So when Indian takes the war-path,
Woe alike to young and aged!
Bough of Beauty—what shall save her?
Must she perish in the conflict?
Bough of Beauty—who shall save her?
Said Naoman, "I will save her."
(Softly to himself he said it)
"Salt with him I oft have eaten,
By his fire, when cold, have warmed me,
And her kindness—I have shared it—
I will warn her—I will save her."
Comes Naoman to her cabin,
But not as aforetime, comes he;
And her children join in welcome,
Welcome warm to Old Naoman.
But he talks not of the Peace-pipe,

Nor of otter, or of beaver;
Neither of the prairie riddle,
Of the seeds which Shooting Cedar,
In his day he buried in them,
That in after times, men turning
Up the sod, should set them growing—
Cotton-wood trees on all the prairies,*
And should ask, "These seeds, who sowed them?
Whence the pine tree for the oak tree?
Whence the oak tree for the pine tree?"
They should answer—"Shooting Cedar."
Sits Naoman, sad and silent,
In a corner, sad and silent;
On his brow a shade has settled,
Heeds he not the child's caresses,
Climbing, as his wont was, round him;
In the corner, sits the old man,
Sits and smokes, and sighs alternate.

* No solution has been attempted of the phenomenal up-springing of pines wherever the oaks have been cut off, and *vice versa;* but there have, respecting the cotton wood seeds in the prairie soil, and among them, this—that the prairies were once overgrown with that tree, at which time, as does the oak its acorn, they dropped their seeds, and that ploughing facilitates their springing up.

The fact that the eastern banks of the streams are timbered, while the western (more exposed to the prairie fires) are not, favors it. But again, the fact that the timber on the east sides protected by the water, is not of cotton wood growth, militates against it. The Mosaic account of the earth is—"whose seed is in itself."

Then she questions—and he answers :
"I'm a Red Man. And the white squaws
Are not good at keeping secrets—
Fly and bring thy husband hither."
He was absent—and she pressed him :
"Will you swear by your Great Spirit,
Never to betray the secret,
Not, to save your life, betray it ?"
Then she sware to keep the secret,
To the Spirit sware to keep it,
She would not betray who told her.
Of her danger then he warned her,
Warned—and straightway left the cabin;
In the night time came he softly,
In the darkness left as softly,
Saying to himself, "None saw me."
And was there no eye that saw him,
From behind the alders watching ?
Watching from behind the alders ?—
Watched an eye that knew no pity,
Knew to watch, but not to pity.
But what dove flies not the bosom
When Fire-Water's baleful billows,
Break his billows in upon it !
This, their ally 'tis, has roused them,
Turned their bread-root tree to wormwood,
Turned their bosoms all to prairies,

Set those prairies all a-blazing;
For Fire-Water as a torch is,
As a sheaf the Indian's heart is;
And as prairie grass the white men,
Dry, and fit but for the burning!
Short the time—and Bough of Beauty,
With her husband and the children,
For the river make—and make it.
On their trail, like hounds on hind's track,
Rush vindictive—rush the Red Skins.
Fast he plies the oar—they near him!
Fast the big drops fall, and faster;
And, the Fates not inauspicious,
With but ninety yards remaining,
Soon the shore were reached—and refuge.
At each stroke his oar he feathers,
But, alas! the Fates decreeing
Breaks his oar—and all is over!
With it breaks all hope of safety—
Their pursuers are upon them!
Bough of Beauty! where thy father?
Where thy father, Wa-Wa-Wanda?
Where thy brother, Shooting Cedar?
Where thine Angel, that thay leave thee,
Leave thee in thine hour of peril?
One blast of their bugle sounded,
But one blow of arm so stalwart,

Were to thee now worth a legion,
Worth a legion armed and painted!
Could thy voice but reach, awake them,
Could thy lute-like voice but wake them,
(Late so lute-like—now so husky)
They would fly on wing of lightning,
On the lightning's wing to aid thee,
They would rally to the rescue.
Vain: nor aught but angel trumpet,
May the dull cold ear of death reach;
Yet to thee it is appointed,
Ere the morrow's sun to see them:
Lighted even now the fagot;
Or if that be all too tardy—
Ready whetted is the death axe—
Short thy shrift—and sure thy passport!
Strong the love of life—but stronger
Is the Red Man's love of vengeance:
As an arrow from the bow shot,
As an arrow tipped and feathered,
When the bow is strong, and stronger
Is the arm that bears, that bends it;
So across the narrowing distance,
At each stroke an oar's length narrower,
Shoots the boat of the pursuers;
And they take them captive—bind them,
And the back track take in silence.

See—the Council fire is lighted,
'Round it sit the Chiefs in circle ;
With them, smoking, sits Naoman,
Sits Naoman, silent, smoking.
Bound before them, Bough of Beauty,
And her husband and their children.
And they ask him, " Who is guilty ?"
But the husband makes no answer.
Martelair ask, " Who is guilty ? "
Martelair returns no answer,
He will not betray Naoman.
" Woman, speak!" But Bough of Beauty
Only looks at old Naoman,
Trembling, shuddering, looks toward him.
" Woman, speak ! three times we ask thee,
Once—who told thee ? twice—who told thee ?
She was silent, she was speechless.
Oh, 'tis not the oak, but willow,
Best resists, survives the tempest!
Woman, whom a leaf may startle,
Firmest stands midst danger direst,
Grows her strength as grows that danger ;
Bough of Beauty stood the tempest.
Then they o'er her children's heads each,
Raise the tomahawk, repeating,
" Woman, answer—'tis the last time !"
And the children, trembling, clinging,

Cry out, "Do not let them kill us!"
Enters deep her heart, the iron,
But from out her lips no answer;
But ere snap the strings of nature,
Turns her eye again instinctive,
Turns it upon Old Naoman.
But his meets hers, cold and soulless;
Not a word she answers,—only
Wrings her hands, and fainting, totters
As the tomahawk descending—
"Hold!" Naoman cries out—"Woman,
Thou hast kept thy word. Naoman,
He it was, to save them, told them.
I a branchless trunk, and withered,
Cut me down—for I am ready.
I her salt in peace have eaten,
Warmed me by her fire when frosted,
Shared her kindness—strike! I'm ready!"
From a little knoll descending,
Forward comes he, and his mantle,
Hides his face within his mantle;
And amid their yells of fury,
Falls the blow on old Naoman!
As the tiger, once blood-baited,
As the tiger in the tiger, . .
Knows no bounds—the Indians, tasting
Of the blood of old Naoman,

On the altar of their hatred
Slew the father, slew the children,
Slew the mother in the children!
With their blood, the waters reddened,
And the waters, shocked, indignant,
Told the river; and the river
In its turn, it told the ocean;
And the ocean, pale with anger,
Up the river sent its current,
Up the creek, its tidal current;
Sent it daily, twice a day sent,
So it might but wash the stains out.
And the point of intersection—
Clear above it flowed the waters,
Flowed the waters clear as crystal;
Dark below it ran the current,
Ran the current, dyed to purple.
Creek of Martelair, the old folks,
Murderers' Creek, the young folks call it.*

* This tragedy was enacted in the sixteenth century, half a mile above the mouth of the creek, which here changes its name in commemoration. One mile above, is a snuff-mill; but the main features of the scene remain unaltered—by common consent, remain unaltered. Besides a sacredness about the spot, there is a wildness: the red-winged blackbird and water-fowl, ignorant of its baptism of blood, there hold uninterrupted sway, and sing and feed at will. Trees that for ages have hung their incumbent foliage in primeval grandeur, and with the evening sun, or morn's alternate, thrown their continuous shade over half its watery realm—these cast their shadows still. Still the morning silvers its waves: with the setting sun, they still glow with crimson.—*Paulding's traditions.*

Children after dark, on errands,
Go not near the spot, but 'round it;
Often as men bridge it over,
Swells the stream and throws the bridge off;
Listening when the tempest rages,
Re-enacts the scene, the struggle,
Screams for help, and sounds of gurgling;
Sounds at intervals of wailing,
As 'twere some departing spirit,
As it were an infant wailing,
Loud at times, then faint and fainter:
Still, though calm the day or stormy,
Blood cries from the ground to heaven!
Thus evanished Bough of Beauty,
Thus-wise Bough of Beauty faded;
Not as fades the bow that spans it—
Fades the rainbow in the heavens,
Harbinger of hope—and promise
Of a brighter day to-morrow;
But as sets the Star of Evening,
When the heavens gather blackness,
And the lightning, forked and flashing,
And the thunder, the hoarse thunder,
Lead the war on, elemental—
Thus the Star of Bough of Beauty
Down life's western sky descended,
Set in darkness, set in anguish!"

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